BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1947

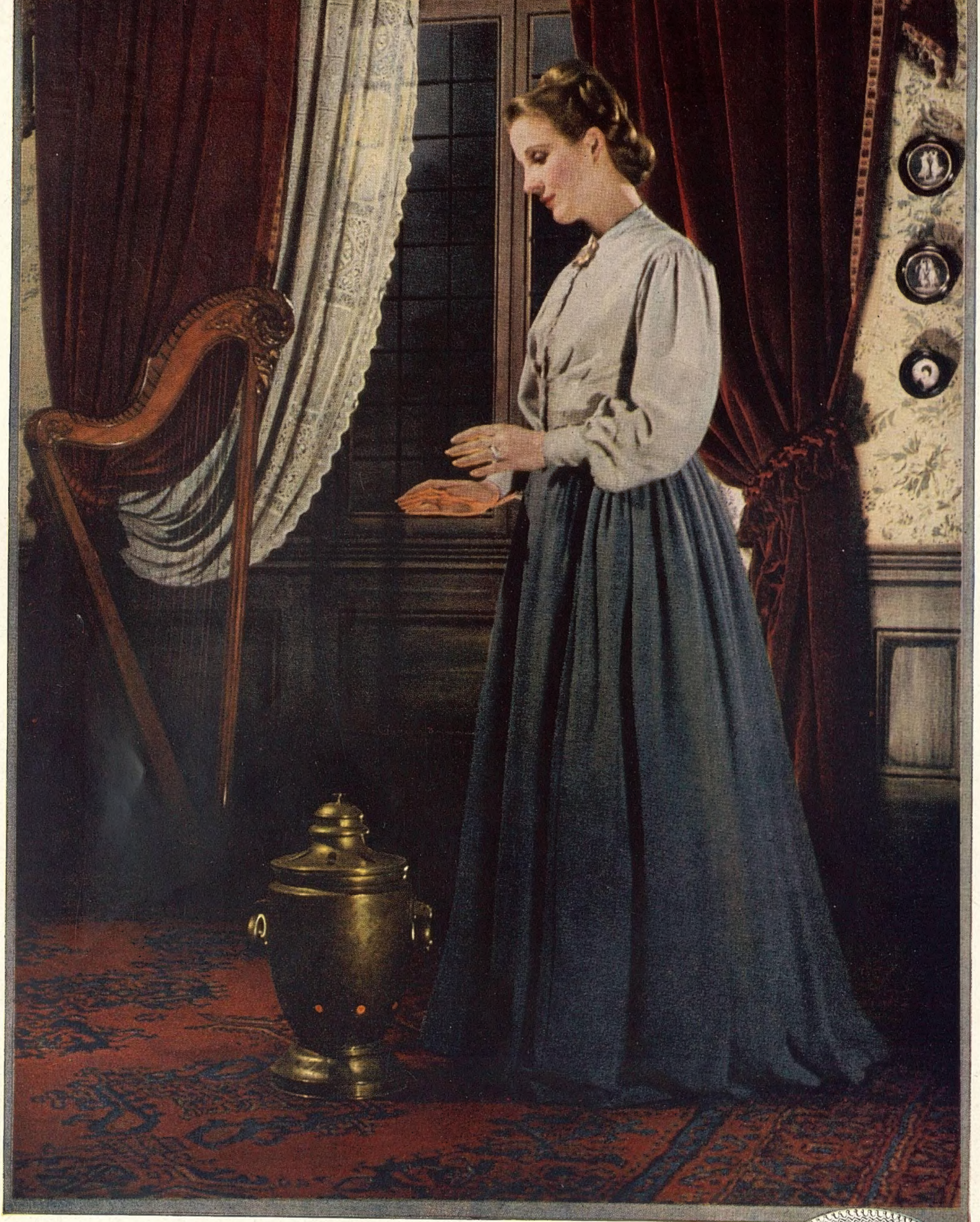
BARRY PEROWNE
FRANK W. LANE

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
URSULA BLOOM

JANE GORDON

1/6

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS



DIANA WYNYARD, who was recently seen in "The Rossiters" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is photographed here in her earlier role of Dilys Parry in "The Wind of Heaven". Miss Wynyard is one of the lovely actresses who wears CLARKS SHOES.

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 34, No. 6 JUNE, 1947

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John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, born June 24th, 1650, died June 11th, 1722. The leading figure during the reign of Queen Anne, and gained lasting fame for his conduct of the war of the Spanish succession

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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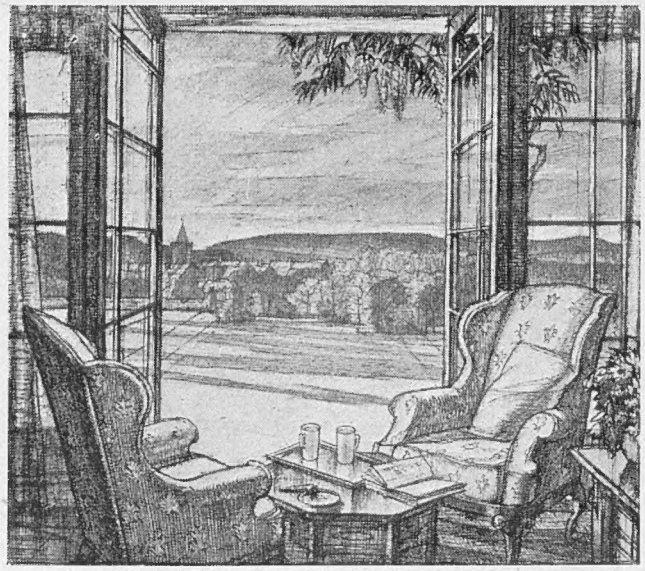

Who lives here?

The children have been in bed some hours now. The house is quiet. Yet the midsummer sun is still up, slanting across the golden grass, setting crowns of gold on the distant elms.

Who lives here? Who, in another minute, will be sitting in these two chairs?

Let us not ask their names. Let us regard them simply as husband and wife, father and mother, typical of the many thousands who, at the end of a busy day, welcome the comfort that Horlicks brings . . . its promise of deep sleep tonight and boundless energy tomorrow.

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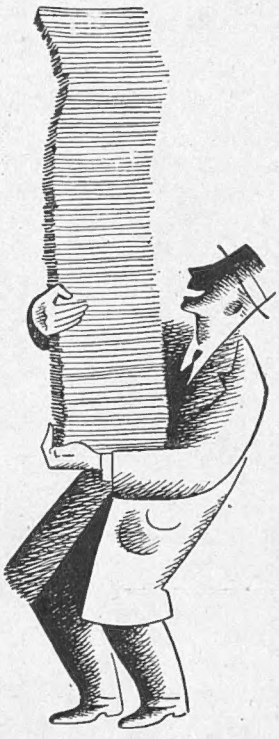

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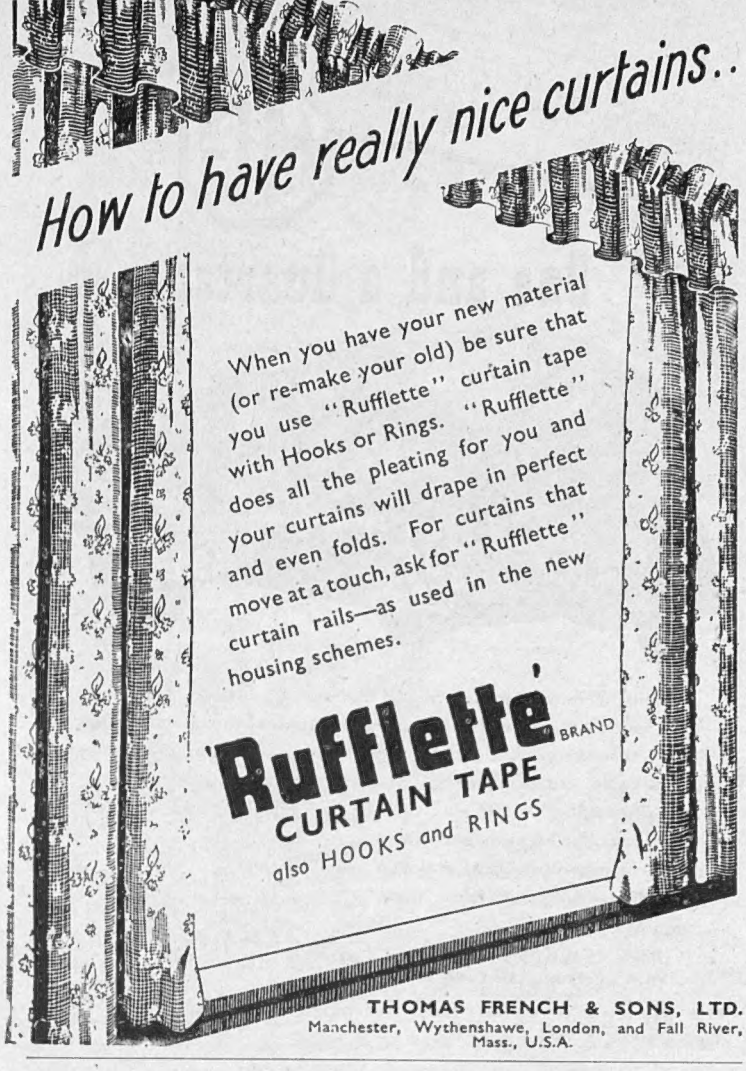

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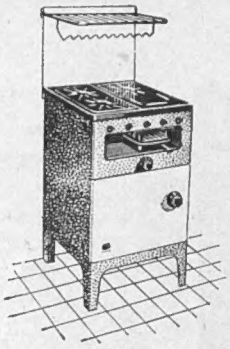

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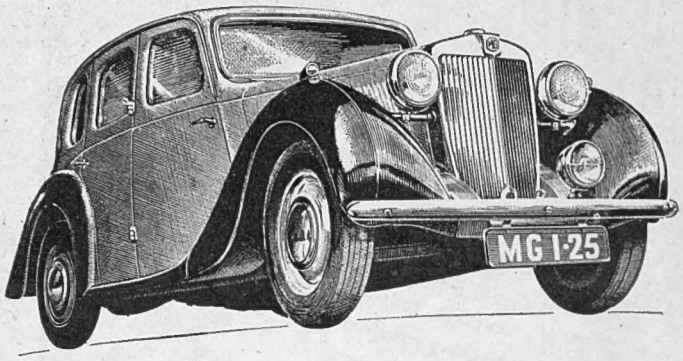

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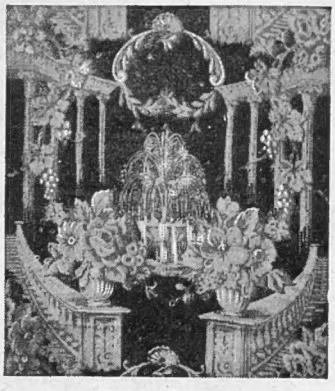

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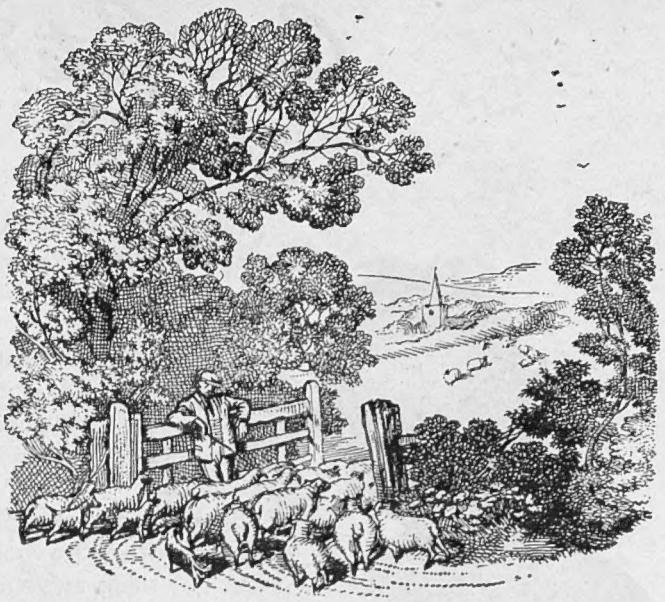

June

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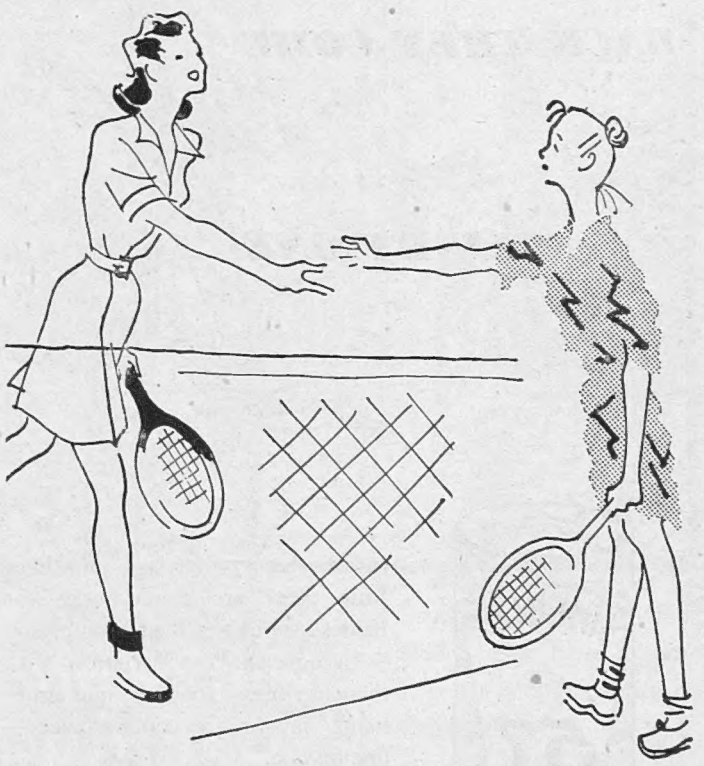

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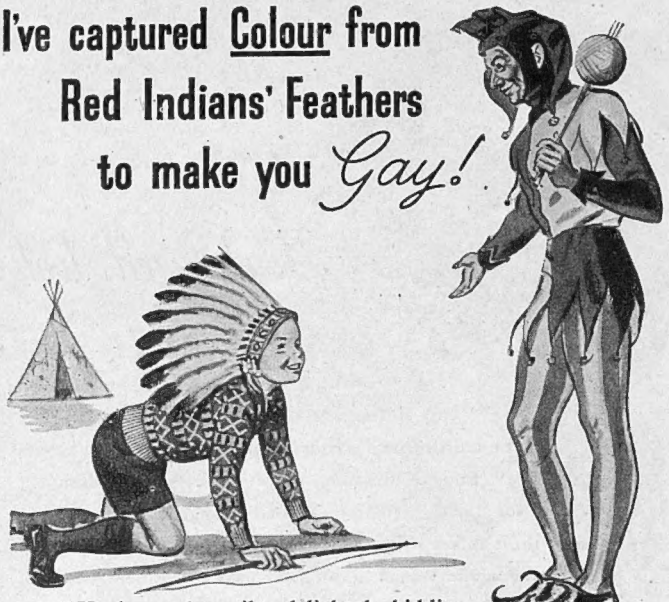

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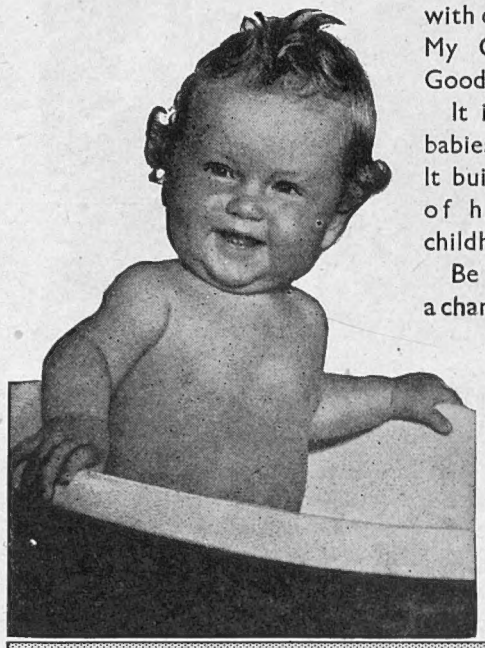

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Be wise—do not take a chance with such a vital thing as your baby's food. Cow & Gate Milk Food is the best substitute when natural feeding fails.

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ONE BY ONE

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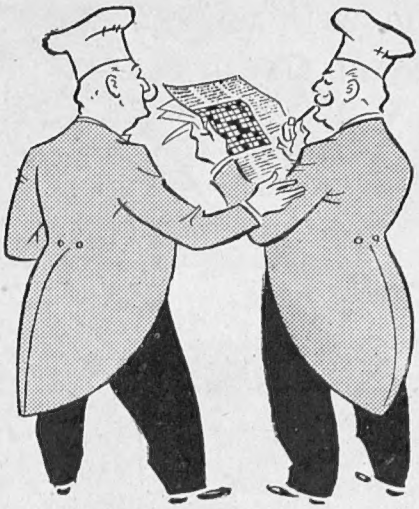

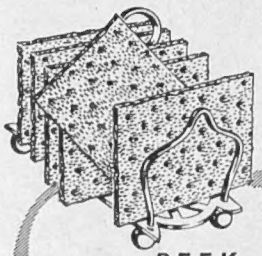

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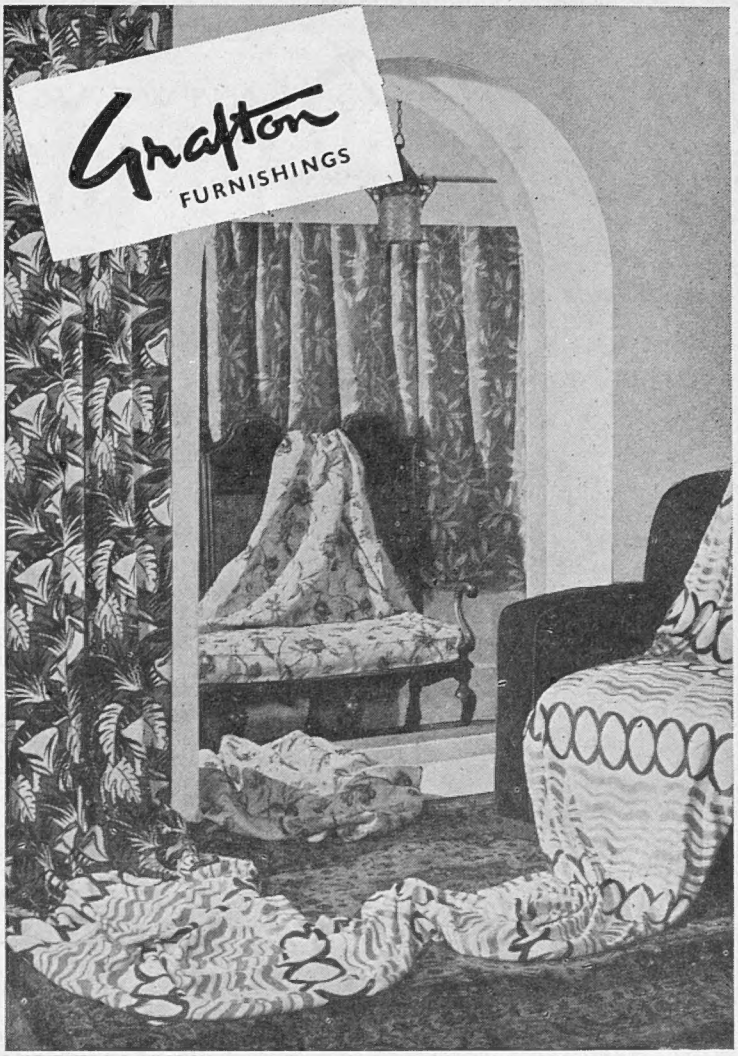
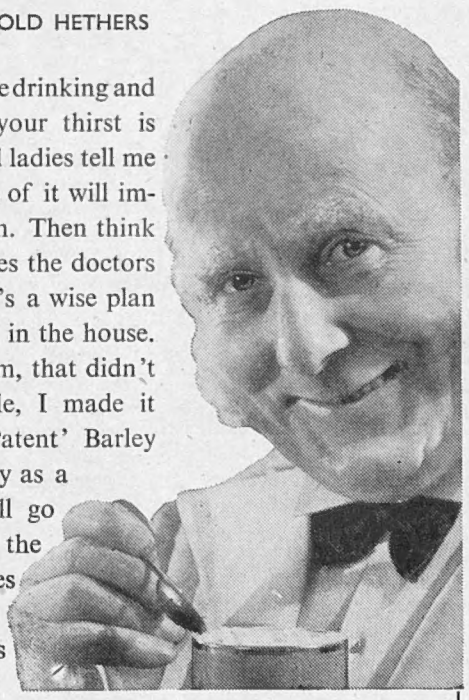


And another thing, madam, says OLD HETHERS



the barley water you're drinking and enjoying to quench your thirst is doing you good. And ladies tell me that a regular course of it will improve the complexion. Then think of the number of times the doctors order it in illness—it's a wise plan always to have some in the house. Bless my soul, madam, that didn't come out of a bottle, I made it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley in tins—just as simply as a pot of tea. And I'll go on making it until the bottled kind comes back again. Then I'll let Robinson's do it.

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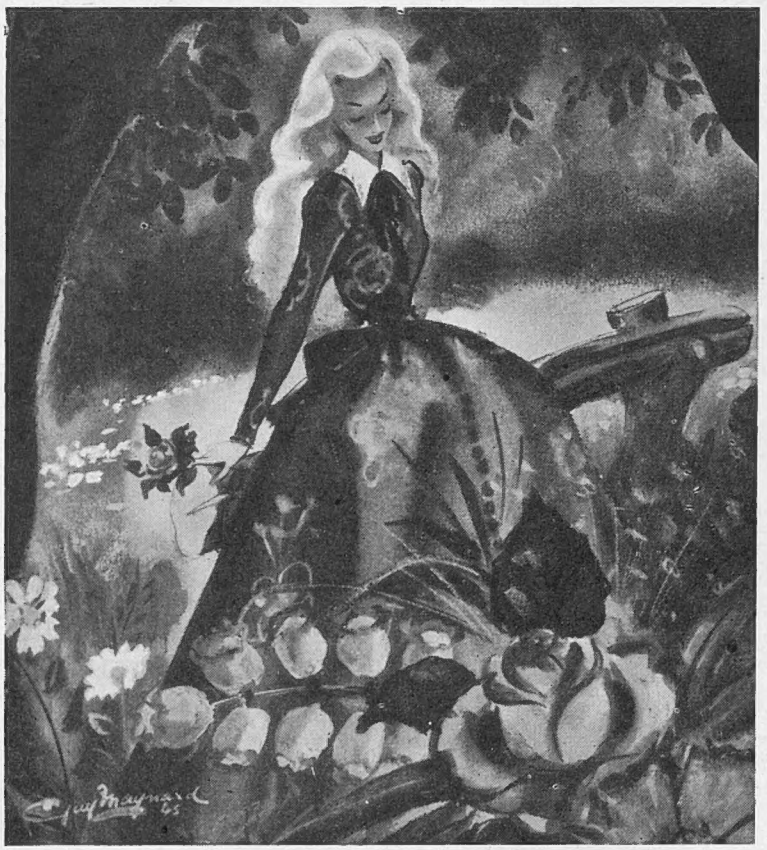

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Britannia and Eve

Elizabethans Travelling To Town

Professor Bow, swinging long legs over the side of the jeep, loped across to lift the bicycle from the fallen man

Hood For A Hawk

A Short Story

By

Barry Perowne

POPLARS, stripped of all foliage except for tufts at their summits, lined the lonely, straight road. Driving a jeep, painted black with yellow wheels, Henry Bow, English History don, on exchange at a French university, narrowed his grey eyes against the glare of the sunset.

He was a little like a poplar himself, thin and tall, and his grey-flannelled knees stuck up bonily on each side of the steering-wheel. A worn leather golf jacket was zipped open over a khaki shirt unbuttoned at his neck. His dark, short hair showed a touch of grey, and already, at thirty-five, in his tanned, thin face there were lines of meditation and humour.

Tumbled in the back of the jeep were an old military valise, on which his personal number and late rank—Major—had been painted out, a fishing-rod, and a number of books of Pyrenean history and topography to the re-examination of which, on the actual ground, he was proposing to devote this vacation. There was also in the back of the jeep a brief-case bulging with the manuscript of an unfinished book designed to demonstrate a truth he never was tired of hammering into the heads of crassly practical-minded students.

" If you needs must have a utilitarian reason for the study of history," Professor Bow had been known dryly to declare, " then consider that it 's only by the examination of mankind's past errors and achievements that we may enable the dead to serve the purpose of the living."

But at the moment he was thinking about trout. Since passing through the turreted town of Foix, he had been keeping company with a fast-running river. Between the poplars on his right, the lively water was stippled now with buds of sunfire. And Henry Bow reflected that if the hotel at Ax-les-Thermes, his stopping-place for the night *en route* into the Andorran valleys, had angling rights, then he should be in nice time to fish the evening rise. A dish of trout, well cooked by a French—

He stamped on the brake with a shout as, from a hump-backed bridge at right-angles to the road, a cyclist swooped out of the eye of the sunset. The jeep stopped with a jerk that rammed the wheel against Henry's concave middle. The cyclist, bent double over racing handle-bars, missed the jeep by inches, swerved across the road with a foot scuffing, and slammed sideways into the trunk of a poplar. He came down with his machine on top of him.

Professor Bow used an old Army word. Swinging long legs over the side of the jeep, he loped across to lift the bicycle from the fallen man. He was a man of about thirty, lean, wiry, with a clever, handsome, olive-dark face. He wore a shabby tweed plus-four suit, heavy brogues, a white shirt with a narrow black tie, a beret. His mouth twisted in an attempt at a grin.

" Sorry," he said weakly, in Spanish. " Not your fault, *señor*. No brakes——" He tried to sit up, but gasped, his face blanching. " My leg ! "

Henry looked at the twisted left leg with a frown. " H'm," he said. " *Cuidado*, this 'll hurt." Gripping the ankle, he drew the leg straight with a firm, even pull, watching the man's face.

The Spaniard unscrewed dark, hot eyes, a moustache of sweat along his lip. " Broken," he said.

" I 'm afraid so," Henry said. " Hold on."

Doubling across to the jeep, he rummaged out his flask and fishing-rod. Giving the Spaniard a sip of brandy, he splinted the leg with joints of the fishing-rod, binding them in place with the cloth cover.

" That 'll hold it till I get you to a hospital," Henry said. " I 'll get the jeep."

The Spaniard had been looking up at him intently. Now, as he made to rise from his knees, the man caught his wrist. " Wait ! Anyone coming ? "

Henry glanced round. The shadows of the poplars were lengthening. The river sang. The road lay empty. To the right the rampart of mountains towered rose and lavender in the evening light.

" Not a soul," said Henry. " But don't worry, I can——"

The urgent grip tightened on his wrist. " You 're an Englishman and have been a soldier," the Spaniard said. " I can

tell. For God's sake, help me, brother ! " His eyes burned. " I 'm carrying courier ! "

The ex-Corps Intelligence Officer in Henry Bow alerted instantly. " Courier ? "

The Spaniard's teeth were tight ; he was in intense pain.

" I 'm trusting you," he said, " because I 've got to. Listen—before I pass out. You go into Andorra ? "

" Why, yes—to-morrow."

" Then it 'll be easy, what I ask—a couple of hours out of your way. Listen. You go into Andorra through L'Hospitalet. A mile this side of the first village across the border, there 's a track up through a wood—on your left. There 's a shrine at the corner of the track—you can't mistake it. You 'll have to go up the track on foot. It leads to what used to be a warden's cottage. You 're listening ? "

" Yes, but——"

" You 'll find a woman there. Say to her, ' Miranda ? ' If she nods her head twice, say to her, ' Speed the wings.' She 'll answer, ' Because of hawks.' *Then*—tell her you 're from Juan Garrigo. Give her—here—in my pocket——"

His left hand groped towards the inside of his jacket. Feeling in the pocket, Henry drew out two tiny aluminium phials. The professor in him would have been puzzled by them a few years back ; the ex-soldier recognised them instantly as containers for pigeon courier.

Garrigo's breathing was increasingly shallow, rapid.

" You must be there by two—in afternoon. Time enough—with your car—if you leave Ax at dawn. It 'd have taken me—much longer." He was fighting black-out. " Couple hours out of your way—up track—that 's all. But life or death, *hermano*—life or death—for many ! Swear you 'll do it ! Promise—promise——"

His voice tailed off. His eyes closed. His hand dropped heavily from Henry's wrist to the dusty roadside grass.

Henry unfolded himself ganglingly from his knees. Across the road, the river sang carefree. He frowned for a moment at the tiny objects on his palm, then thrust them into his hip-pocket, loaded the bicycle into the back of the jeep.

He turned the jeep, reversed it up close to the injured man, lowered the windscreen flat. Kneeling beside Garrigo, he pulled the Spaniard's limp left arm around his shoulders, gripped the man's wrist with his left hand. Raising him gently thus, using his right hand and arm to support the splinted leg, he levered him into the front seat, lifted his leg so that it thrust out straight across the windscreen. He folded an old khaki blanket under the leg. Again backing and turning the jeep, he headed for Ax, driving one-handed, slowly and carefully, supporting Garrigo with an arm round his shoulders.

He wasn't going to fish the evening rise, but that didn't occur to Henry. He was conscious of unexpected conflict in his own character. A pigeon-post up there in the mountains, where the traffic of birds would be unobserved, almost certainly implied a contact between Spanish exiles and some *maquis* group within Spain itself. The History don, impartial, judicial, was perturbed by scruples, perceptive of subtleties, in this matter. Withdrawal of ambassadors was a moral gesture ; a clandestine mission was active intervention. The detachment of the professor recognised the distinction. But every instinct of the soldier responded to the Spaniard's appeal : " For God's sake, help me, brother ! Life or death—for many ! "

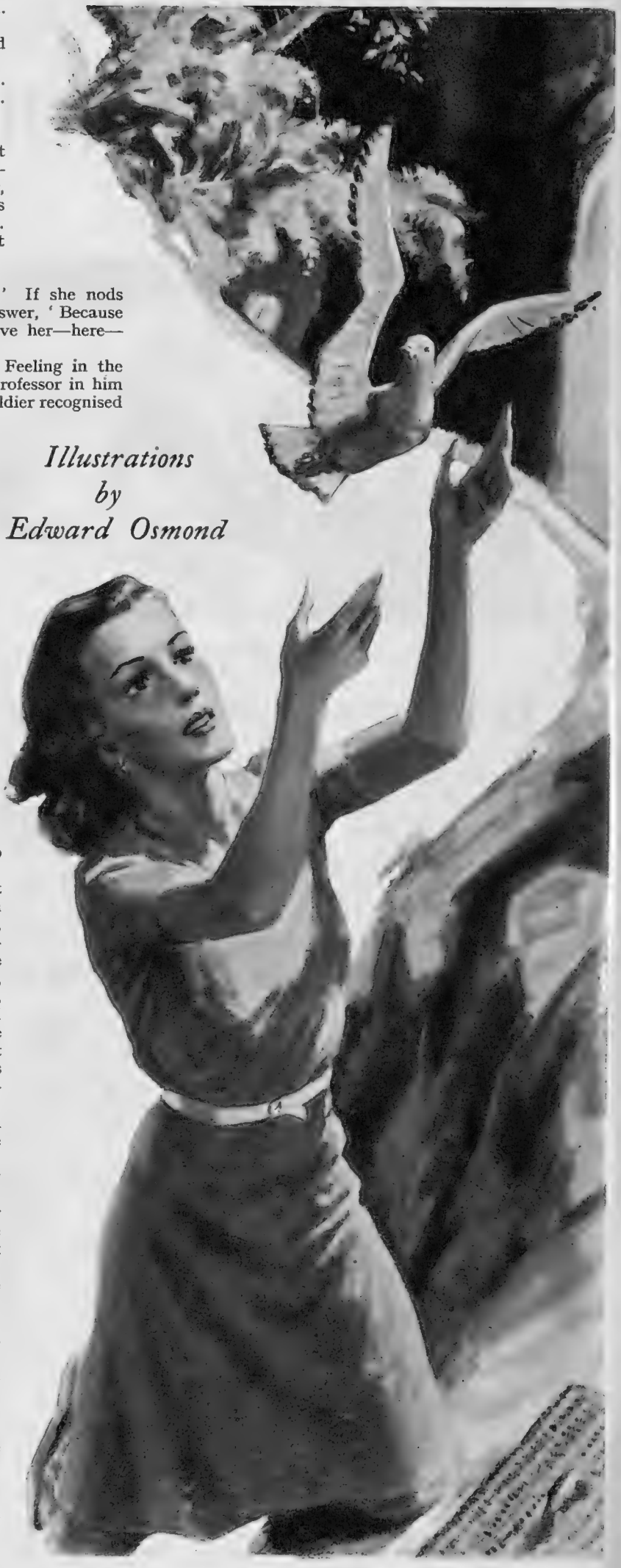
Frowning, Henry Bow drove into the little foothill town of Ax. It was twilight. Lights from the cafés gilded the leaves of trees arching across the steep main street, glimmered on mountain water fast-running in roadside channels. Henry pulled up to ask a gendarme the whereabouts of a hospital.

" An accident ? " said the gendarme. " *Zut alors*, another of the Spanish exiles—Juan Garrigo ! Plenty of them in these parts, and always in trouble ! " He clambered into the back of the jeep along with the bicycle. " Straight on, *monsieur*. I 'll show you. We 'll take him to the convent hospital. The good nuns care for these Spaniards. Only yesterday I delivered one Carlos Cajal to them—no older than this fellow, but dying of a heart complaint. *Tiens, les pauvres*—always in trouble ! What happened ? "

Henry explained as he drove, and the gendarme clicked his tongue sympathetically. " No fault of yours," he said. " I can see for myself this bicycle here has no brakes. *À gauche, monsieur—voilà !* "

He jumped out to pull the bell of an old, dark, massive building. Admitted by a nun, he reappeared after a minute, bearing a stretcher, and with Henry's aid lifted Garrigo on to it. They carried him into a big, dimly-lighted, stone-floored hall. The nun beckoned to them from the doorway of a room on the left, waited while they got Garrigo on to the bed there.

Illustrations by Edward Osmond



Defily affixing the tiny container to its leg, she stroked with brown fingers the pastel-tinted feathers of the bird. "God speed, chicito," she whispered—and, rising, tossed the bird into the air

"I will fetch the doctor," she said then. "He is with Cajal."

The gendarme mopped the inside of the *kepi*. "How goes it with that one, Reverend Mother?"

The nun's worn, spiritual face was calm. "He will not see to-morrow's sundown, the doctor says." She held open the door for them.

It was obvious to Henry that, if he were to make the rendezvous by the time stated, there would be no chance of questioning Garrigo as to the precise nature of this courier, for the Spaniard would be under anæsthetics for many hours following the setting of his leg. The decision was up to him, Henry Bow. With a troubled glance at the Spaniard's waxen face and closed eyes, Henry followed the gendarme from the room.

IT was one hour after noon of a blazing day in the high Pyrenees. On the summit of a spur of mountainside, thickly grown with fir and aspen, stood a grey, stone-built cottage. It was very quiet, the only sound the lonely, deep boom of a torrent falling.

From the doorway of a cottage emerged a tall girl about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. Her hands were cupped about a chipped enamel mug, from which she sipped as she stood glancing round the little, dusty, boulder-strewn plateau. Slender and brown-skinned, she wore *alpargata* sandals and a cotton frock of bleached blue with a white belt. Ear-rings winked gold against the dark cloud of her hair as she turned her head to look north, over trees falling away down the slope from the plateau, towards a brown, bald, rounded hilltop far off across the intervening valley.

Henry Bow, lying flat in a nest of boulders near the head of the stony track up which for the past two hours he had been toiling on foot, saw her face clearly for a moment. It was an intelligent face, sensitive yet spirited, eager yet proud, with dark eyes remotely gazing.

"H'm," said Henry Bow—but the decision he had evaded, waiting to see what sort of a person was this to whom he had been asked to deliver courier, was made now, and he knew it. He knew that he could no more fail this girl, keeping her lonely vigil, than he could have failed one of his own students.

Now she turned away, strolling across the clearing. And as Henry stirred, pushing back his old tweed fishing hat to protect his neck from the fierce sun, a big yellow-and-black lizard which had been clinging to a boulder a foot from his thin, brown, sweating face vanished with a soundless flicker. The emaciated figure of Henry Bow, in his frightful old hat, arose from among the boulders and stalked out into the clearing.

Because of the booming of the unseen torrent, the girl didn't hear his approach. She lay face-down on a slanted outcrop of rock, looking over the edge. Bone-dry lichen patched the rock, and out of cracks in it grew three stone-pines, grotesquely warped, in sharp silhouette against the heat-pale sky.

Henry Bow took off his hat. "*Buenos tardes*," he said. And as the girl turned her head, startled, looking up, he added courteously, "Don't move," and dropped down beside her.

He looked over the edge of the rock into a yawning ravine, in the bottom of which a river like a silver thread flashed between toy poplars. Several hundred feet below, from a fault in a sheer precipice at right-angles to the cliff where he lay, there plunged forth a solid torrent, falling in subdued thunder to the river. The lip of the precipice, to the right there, was fringed densely with trees, and sloped away above him to what was evidently a pass between two high summits.

Henry glanced sidelong at the girl. "Miranda?" he said.

She nodded her head slowly, twice.

Henry looked down at the river far below. "Speed the wings," he said.

"Because of hawks," said Miranda.

Henry held out his left hand, closed. She opened her own hand, her dark eyes fixed tensely on him, and he dropped the aluminium phials into her small, hard palm.

"From Juan Garrigo," he said.

"*Gracias*—stranger." There was the breathlessness of relief in her voice.

"My name," said ex-Major Bow, "is Henry."

" Enrique," said Miranda, and smiled. " Wait, please." Rising, she crossed the clearing, vanished among the tawny shadows of the trees to Henry's right.

" Well," he said to himself, " it 's done now ! " He rolled over and sat up, tossing aside his deplorable hat. The girl's mug was balanced on the rock, and he reached out a long arm for it. It was half-full of near-coffee, still hot, and he sipped it gratefully, watching for Miranda's return. When she reappeared from the trees, he held up the mug. " *Por favor ?* "

She laughed. " I 'll get you some hot in a minute. You must be tired and hungry."

She carried a covered basket. Sitting below him on the uptilt of rock, she raised the lid of the basket carefully, took out one of a pair of pigeons. Deftly affixing the tiny container to its leg, she stroked with brown fingers the pastel-tinted feathers of the bird.

" God speed, *chicito*," she whispered—and, rising, tossed the bird into the air.

It swept thrice above their heads, circling, seeking altitude and direction ; then, with its rapid, intent flight, it headed for the pass between the peaks, showed there for an instant as a dot against the sky, and was gone.

Miranda, with a shrug, a faint sigh, turned to Henry. " Now I 'll get you some food."

From the cottage she brought sausage, grey bread, cold *tortilla*, cheese, and a balloon-shaped glass vessel of wine with two thin spouts.

" You 've another pigeon in the basket ? " Henry asked, as he started hungrily on the sausage.

" Yes. But we must wait a little before we send it off," she said, " or they 'd fly together. This courier is for emergency only. It 's one way. The birds are smuggled up from Spain over the *contrabandista* trails. I don't know where they come from or where they return to. Only the chief knows that."

" Juan Garrigo ? "

" *Si, si.* Courier over this route is always desperately urgent—a last resort. So it goes in duplicate, by two birds. Because of hawks, as the password says—hawks and eagles. Mountain country is terrible for pigeons." She scanned the sky anxiously as she spoke. " But one of them is sure to get through."

" I suppose it 's because they come down to roost at night," Henry said, " that I had to be here by two—to give them flying time ? "

Miranda nodded. And she asked, " Did you come on foot ? "

" By car," said Henry. " I left it way down at the bottom of the track there—hid it among the trees."

" Did you see anybody ? " she asked. " I mean, besides the Gardes Mobiles at the French post ? They 're all right. But anybody else ? "

" Only some troops at the Spanish post, right out in the middle of a huge amphitheatre to the east there. It 's lonely country, Miranda."

" Lonely," she said, " But here in Andorra—*free* ! " Sitting with her hands linked about her knees, she looked up toward the pass, toward Spain.

Henry said gently, " You belong over there ? "

" Aragon," she said, and her hands tightened. " One day we shall go back." She looked up at Henry suddenly. " Why did Juan Garrigo send a stranger—a foreigner ? The secret of this courier is jealously guarded."

" He 's in the convent hospital at Ax with a broken leg," Henry said, and explained what had happened. " I was in two minds," he added, " right up to the last, as to whether I ought to carry out this mission."

" What decided you ? "

He looked at her thoughtfully. And with a sudden, deep conviction, he knew just what had decided him, at the last. He said simply, " Watching you."

She met his eyes gravely. " You still still have doubts—about what you 've done ? "

He shook his head. " No doubts, Miranda, and no regrets. Not now."

" Thank you for that, Enrique," she said. " Thank you." And she rose. " Now it 's time for the other pigeon."

Taking it from the basket, she affixed the second container, stroked the sleek feathers gently, making her little, whispered exhortation to the messenger, then tossed it into the air. It slanted up on beating wings, circled back, swept again over their heads, out over the canyon. And as their eyes followed it, a gun roared, close by. The bird dissolved in mid-air into a shapeless tangle of feather, blood (*Continued on page* 52)

Pablo and Miguel seized Miranda. The other two men moved between Henry and the girl, their rifles on him. Her eyes implored him to silence. " Don't move, Professor Bow," Don Salva said. " A dead man can't help her "

Holiday...

To Provide Maximum Benefit It Must Be An Escape From The Strain Of A Life That Has Run You Into Need Of A Holiday, Anyway

By C. Patrick Thompson

LEAVING his streamlined London office, the chunky man steps into his car at the curb and drives off to the airport. His private plane lifts him into the skyway, roars down it on the camp trail, Clacton-Skegness-Filey-Pwllheli-Ayr.

As the machine loses height for the first stop, its owner's hazel eye slants down and absorbs the satisfying bird's-eye view of his materialized dream: a compact assembly of sleeping quarters, dining-halls, recreation rooms, bar lounges, pools, dance halls, theatre, the holiday camp holding 5,500 people who weekly turn some £40,000 from their pockets into the company treasury in return for board, lodging, and organized mass joy, everything except horse-riding included in the 5½ to 7 guineas weekly camp bill.

Mr. Billy Butlin, rotund, soft-voiced, shy, friendly, watchful, indefatigable, astute, is making the aerial round of his chain of camps, five now and more to come, which this year will cater for 350,000 holiday makers over a twenty-eight weeks season.

He's the most dynamic factor in the post-war British holiday equation. But he's not the only new phenomenon, or the only portent of revolutionary change. Everything is in a state of movement and flux, including the holiday season itself.

High summer was *the* holiday season. Then the sea called. The lakes and the hills beckoned. The quiet valleys and the fish streams sent forth their murmurous invitation. Africa, the Mediterranean rim resorts, the northern fjords, and the Canadian mountains, sang their siren songs. Then the hum of an airplane in the blue, the honk of a tug boat on the Thames, even a train whistle in the night, stirred the blood, evoked dreams of adventure beyond the horizon.

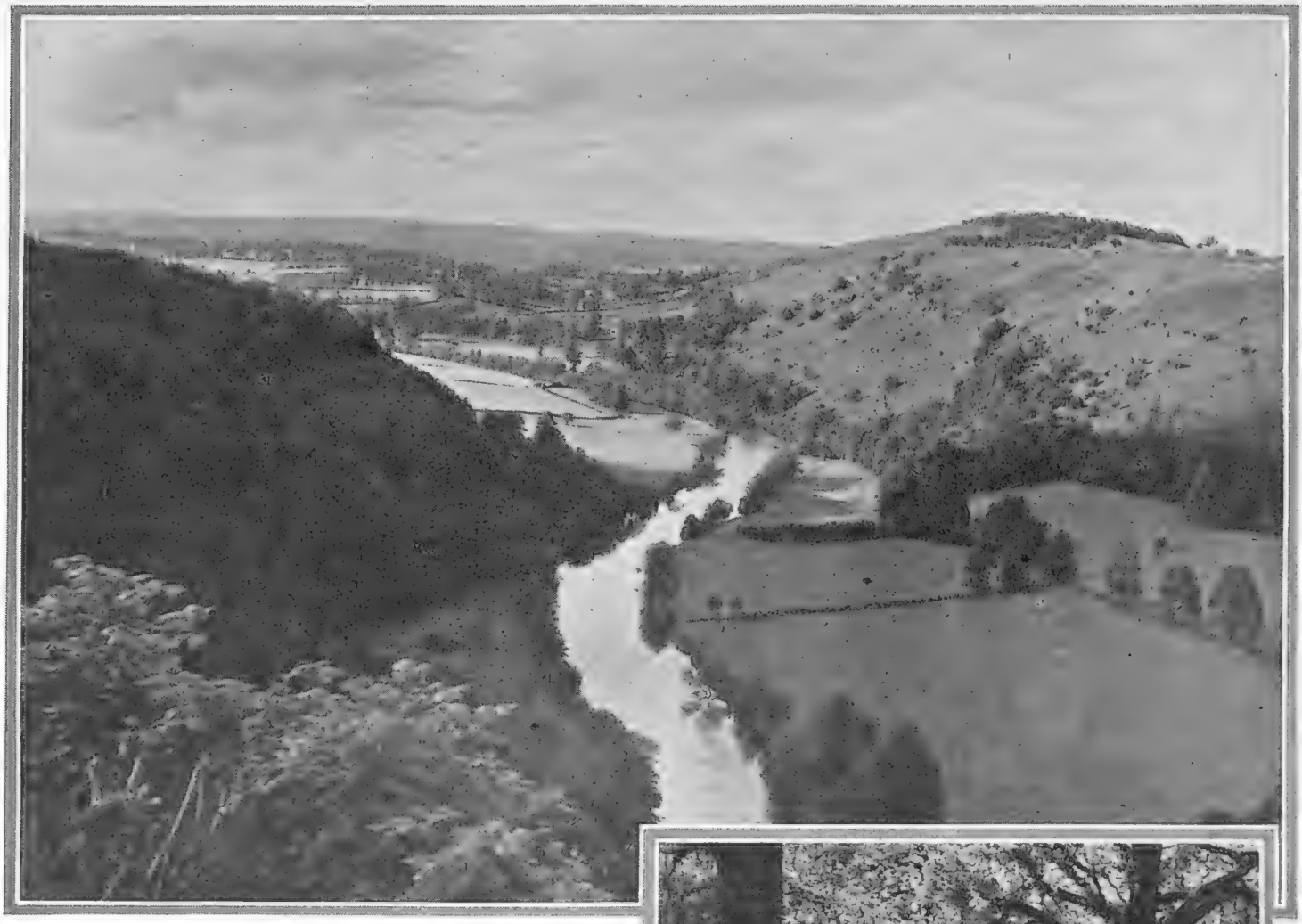
Maybe that still happens for most people in this sea-girt kingdom. But talk to travel agents, transportation men, *hoteliers*, and others on the inside of the holiday business—as I have been doing—and you find that the home season now stretches April to October, and if you take the whole picture, including weekend vacations and incoming and outgoing tourist traffic, it's an open season all the year round.

Holidays, in fact, are becoming rationalized, organized, and big business. Partly that's a result of paid holidays, which now affect 15,000,000 citizens, and staggered holidays, a postwar economic necessity. And partly it's due to government-stimulated growth of facilities to attract tourist traffic, an increasingly important item of "invisible exports"—it's reckoned that 350,000 holiday-making visitors to Britain in 1947 will leave behind £25,000,000 in much-needed foreign exchange, mostly dollars. But over-all it's a natural development, which would be even more striking than it is but for the braking and blocking effects of the transportation famine, exchange controls, and shortages and difficulties of all kinds tending to keep people at home.

RESORTS—in human terms that mostly means the town councillors who run towns mainly dependent for their prosperity on visitors—are more intelligent about the provision of facilities for recreation on those days when bathing and sun-basking are distinctly off the holiday programme. And people are more intelligent about their holidays. New trends in holidays are also appearing.

This year about 150,000 men and women are taking, or have taken, their annual holiday in a volunteer farm camp. Trucks move them daily from their quarters to a farm, and back. They get 1s. 3d. an hour pay, or say 50s. for a forty-hour week, and pay 21s. for their weekly camp bill. For a citizen in good health, it's healthier than the average seaside holiday.

That's not my comment. It's the opinion expressed to me by a Harley Street doctor, who advises a good many middle- and over-middle-age wealthy people on where to go, and what to do to retain or regain their health, or reinvigorate organisms exposed to the strains of big-business direction, or the leisured-class life. (*Continued on page* 61)



The beautiful vista, from the Yat Rock, of England's first National Park, high above the River Wye on the edge of the Forest of Dean. Coppet Hill is seen on the right and seven counties are visible from this point

On right:
Spring sunshine in a glade, near the Speech House in the Forest of Dean

England's First National Park

Written and Photographed by Reece Winstone

IN these days of planning against careless development of the countryside, National Parks are in the news. Many of our lovely districts came under the aegis of the armed Forces in the war and some are closed to us still, but England's first National Park did not suffer like Dartmoor or the Pembroke coastline. Established just before the outbreak of the war, the Forest of Dean was not a greatly visited touring ground compared with other more popular districts, and was therefore the better for it. Near to hand the crowds came to the Valley of the Wye, but between this lovely river and the historic city of Gloucester are nearly 20,000 acres which form England's first National Park.

Having a historic background the Forest of Dean's charm to-day is its great beauty. Vale and steep hillside, covered with vast woodlands through which run beautiful drives and paths, it has the glories of spring, summer, autumn and winter.

If more than one day can be given to a visit, the best centre is the Speech House. Originally the headquarters of the Verderers, built in the seventeenth century it is now a hotel.

A people apart, the history of the rights of the Free Foresters and Miners of Dean goes back nearly 1,000 years to Canute's reign. "Verderers" ruled the Forest for the king, and a death sentence was passed on those who were proved to be "Trespassers of the Forest, of the Vert, of the Venison." This Verderers' Court and also the Court of the Laws and Customs of the Miners were held here at the Speech House and, as an example of one way in which it differed from ordinary custom, the oath was taken upon a stick of holly.

Ancient ceremony still prevails to-day in the "Court of Attachment," held about six times a year over which presides the Rt. Hon. Viscount Bledisloe, the Chief Verderer. The court room has now been converted into a dining-room, but the heavy oak beams supporting the ceiling are preserved, as is also the raised tribune at one end, separated from the main part of the room by massive oak railings.

The immediate surrounds take one straight into beautiful forest glades; to the south is the Spruce Drive, a thirty-foot grass road down an undulating avenue some three miles in

On right:
The Speech House, where the Verderers still hold their Courts of Attachment six times a year, and over which presides the Rt. Hon. Viscount Bledisloe, the Chief Verderer. Speech House, a seventeenth-century building, is now a hotel and the court room has been converted into a dining-room

The church at Westbury-on-Severn. The chancel of this thirteenth-century church is separated by some sixty feet from the tower, and the spire is framed of Dean Forest oak timbers and covered entirely with oak shingling

The Devil's Chapel or "Scowles" near Bream. These scoops in the rock were dug by Roman slaves searching for the precious iron ore. The trees grow from the solid rock

Flaxley Abbey on the eastern fringe of the Forest of Dean. This abbey, now a private residence, with Tintern Abbey controlled up to the time of the Dissolution much of the forest, preserving it from destruction

In centre above:—A station that was. Newland between Colebrook and Redbrook was closed down during the 1914-18 war

length, extending to Blackpool Bridge where traces of a Roman pavement are still as sound as ever. Another pretty glade is the Sundial Drive to the north of Speech House, and there is the Holly Wood where the best oaks are reputed to grow.

Other traces of Roman times are to be found in the "Scowles" lying back from the road between Lydney and Bream. Local worthies will be glad to show visitors round as a knowledge of the ground is essential. Likened to a Roman "Cheddar Gorge" these scowles are deep scoops in the rocks, canyons dug by Roman slaves in quest of the iron ore used and valued highly nearly 2,000 years ago. The trees now grow from the solid rock, itself fed by the iron, and are often of curious shapes. This area is often struck by lightning and during a storm is one great sheet of fire. Amongst these gloomy and deserted excavations is the ghostly "Devil's Chapel" with immense buttresses and pinnacles of rock, (*Continued on page* 62)

(On left) Ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm with his wife: formerly Cecile, Princess of Mecklenburg, whom he married in 1905. (Below) "Little Willie" is now sixty-five years old. He lives in retirement in a small villa at Hechingen, in the French Zone

The Sunken Hohenzollerns

An Interview With "Little Willie"

By Ferdinand Tuohy

A HOHENZOLLERN has again mounted a throne—but how many others are sunk! Not sunk without trace, though, as a recent quest in Germany proved. I came up with one after the other of them on my way from north to south. Yet this Second German War certainly dealt a formidable blow to what used to be the proudest reigning house in Europe. Some of the younger ones are lucky if they can find jobs, while their elders idle away their time under supervision and sometimes slim circumstances indeed.

Worst off is Kaiser William II's widow, Princess Hermine, who had the misfortune to be caught in the Russian Zone. When I told "Little Willie," the ex-Crown Prince, of the fate of his step-mother, who is younger than himself (65), he shook his head. She was a very intellectual woman and would suffer the more. I added that she had been beaten up and her fur coat ripped from her in the street at Frankfort-on-the-Oder where she lives with a Ukrainian refugee family on the lowest rations as a non-worker, and this made the head of the house exclaim: "To think that one of the family had fallen to that!"

Queen Frederika of Greece. A picture taken in 1946 when she was staying in London. She is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick, and is the only Hohenzollern who now holds a position of eminence

I MUST say that our meeting in a Black Forest townlet was as rich in contrasted backgrounds as any I have known in a fairly long and varied acquaintance with this sort of thing. Here was this man, descended from the "Robber Barons of Nuremberg" and whose forebears reigned ever more widely from A.D. 1100 down to 1918; here was this grandson of Queen Victoria, who had mixed on a superior level with all the august and famous of the last twenty years of that old world which came to an end in 1914, here was the first-born of that flashing and flashy war lord, the Kaiser, actually inclining his head as he took my hand in farewell.

Not only that; he had just previously offered to take me up and show me round the gloriously sited Burg Hohenzollern and there was something of the guide about it, especially as I had left a packet of American cigarettes on the table, though the underlying explanation was that of a lonely man—gentleman—only too glad to talk English and be in the company of someone from England. I was the second British person he had seen in eight years. Of Americans he had seen plenty and enough because they wrote only unkind or derisory things about him. Would I promise not to do likewise? I said I would and clinched matters by telling my host that I had been at the same university as himself.

Ah, Bonn in 1900! What a place it was. I watched the man who might have ruled over 70,000,000 Germans reconjure the gay, the *lustiges* old Germany that his father had wantonly dispelled to the winds. Kronprinz Wilhelm speaks polished if slightly halting English and he is as slim as the Borzoi that held us company in the living-room of the smallish white villa at Hechingen in the heart of the Black Forest, into which the party had just been shifted by the French, from a bigger house. In and out of the room wandered two charming young ladies, one wearing dark green trousers and brilliant jumper. My host had those exaggerated plus-fours down to mid-shin; his almost white hair brushed straight back was losing the last of its fairness; but his eyebrows appeared to be traced in a foxy colour. That was the one touch left of all the famous cartoons of 1914-1918 showing "Little Willie's" foxiness.

Well, there we were, seated in the centre of a glorious mountain and forest landscape and on a glorious day, while my host plied me with many more questions than I, him. I, the interviewer, could not get down to my subject for all those questions which would provoke their reminiscences.

The conversation darted from persons to events and back again. How was Lady Drogheda? And Marthe Bibescu? Millicent Sutherland? "I even knew Queen Victoria quite well and Lord Rosebery gave me, as a youth, my first lessons in constitutional monarchy."

(*Continued on page* 61)

This story is founded on truth. "Miss Craig" was in fact a well-known amateur palmist and did in fact travel from Australia to Durban on the ship and voyage specified. Her experiences were as set out in the story and in consequence of these she broke her journey at Durban. She told her story to my parents and the latter passed it on to me, some twenty years ago. Details as to the ship and its history have been verified by me, as also have those regarding the Board of Trade proceedings

P. W.

No Future

By Peter Wayne

"PERSONALLY," said the Big Man, "I think it's a lot of bunkum. Why *should* the lines of the hand give any indication as to the future? Have we ever heard even one sound logical reason in support? Of course we haven't. And for the simple reason that there isn't one. Mind you, I don't say that palmistry isn't skilful—I think it very often is—but it's only skilful in the sense that all showmanship is skilful."

Old Hurst stroked his white hair thoughtfully. "You know," he said, "the older I grow the less certain of some things I become."

"Then you don't agree, doc?"

"Not altogether. I once had a very queer experience, just a shade too queer for my liking, and I've not forgotten it. It's a long time ago now, though you'll probably recall the name of the ship. She was very much in the news at the time—and for a long while afterwards. Some of you," he added, "may even have met the woman who was the other principal character in the story, for in her own sphere she was equally well known."

He paused and regarded the company through a haze of tobacco smoke. "I was in Durban at the time, staying for a few days before rejoining my ship, and I first saw her in the lounge of the hotel the day I arrived. A faded little thing, she was, with tragic eyes and a mop of greying hair. She was sitting in a big armchair by the window with her hands folded quietly in her lap and those eyes fixed and expressionless, staring out across the harbour—though I doubted if they saw anything."

She was about fifty, Hurst supposed, or fifty-five—it was difficult to tell. He learned later that she was a Miss Craig—quite a legendary figure, it seemed—and that she spent her days in travelling the world accompanied only by her maid and a great quantity of seemingly unnecessary luggage.

That evening they met. The little hotel was practically empty and the Colonel's wife had asked if she would care to make up a four at bridge. Somewhat to Hurst's surprise she had accepted, and they had played for a bit until the Colonel's wife, good soul, who had kept up her usual flow of conversation throughout an entire rubber ("And why shouldn't one talk, for after all, bridge is only a game, isn't it?") had chanced upon the topic which had so effectively broken up the evening.

"Tell me, Miss Craig," she said, "have you ever come across a namesake of yours—that Miss Craig who has such a wonderful reputation for reading the hand?" Without waiting for an answer she turned to Hurst. "You know," she went on, "she's really quite *famous*. She's known everywhere—all over the world."

The Colonel grunted: "Two hearts."

Miss Craig said: "Two spades," and then added in a toneless voice, "I am that Miss Craig of whom you speak."

The Colonel's wife gasped, and laid down her cards. "Well!" she exclaimed, "how positively *amazing*! Of course, you must tell us our fortunes—you will, won't you, Miss Craig?" Impulsively she held out her hand across the table. "Tell me what you see," she said.

SHE was sitting in a big armchair by the window with her hands folded quietly in her lap and those eyes fixed and expressionless, staring out across the harbour—though I doubted if they saw anything

The effect on Miss Craig was remarkable. Without so much as glancing at the outstretched hand she seemed to shrink into herself, to cringe almost, though the reaction was only momentary.

The Colonel said quickly, addressing his wife: "Not *now*, my dear—we're in the middle of a game," and reluctantly she withdrew her hand.

"Then perhaps later, Miss Craig?" she pleaded.

It was rather tactless, Hurst thought.

Miss Craig, who seemed quite to have recovered her composure, shook her head. "Please," she murmured, "don't ask me to do that."

The game went on, but the remaining hands were not a success and at the end of the rubber, pleading a headache, Miss Craig left the table and went up to her room.

The Colonel's wife sat gazing after her, her brows creased in a puzzled frown. Miss Craig was a very charming woman, no doubt, but a trifle *queer*, didn't one think?

WHEN Hurst walked into the lounge the next morning he found Miss Craig sitting there alone, swallowed up in that same big armchair.

"If you can spare a few minutes, doctor, I should like to talk to you," she said. "You were surprised, I think, when I left you so abruptly last night?"

Hurst drew up a chair.

"Well," he began, "your headache——"

"That was merely an excuse, doctor. I think you know that."

For quite a minute Miss Craig sat without speaking, staring straight before her. She seemed almost to have forgotten his presence. Presently, however, she shivered slightly and turning her head regarded him with haggard, lustreless eyes.

"There is something I should like to tell you, doctor," she said at length, "something I have not yet breathed to a living soul. But you, I know, will respect my confidence."

"Of course, Miss Craig."

"It need only be for a short while. Soon—only too soon, I fear—the truth will be known."

The truth? What did she mean? Hurst waited, and after a moment's hesitation Miss Craig continued.

"As you are probably aware, doctor, I landed in Durban only a few days ago and came straight from the ship to this hotel. You are with the Line, I understand, and will know the ship."

Hurst nodded. Indeed he did. She was the largest and most recent addition to the Company's fleet, a vessel of some nine thousand tons gross register. Launched at Glasgow, the previous year, she had just completed her maiden voyage and was now on the homeward journey.

He asked how Miss Craig had enjoyed the trip.

"You will be able to judge whether or not I enjoyed the trip when I tell you what happened, doctor. My passage was booked through to London, you know."

"To London?" Hurst glanced at her in surprise. "You mean, Miss Craig, that you deliberately broke your journey on account of something which happened on board?"

"I deliberately broke my journey."

Pausing for a moment she smoothed out a fold in her dress with thin, nervous fingers. "I had been staying with friends in Adelaide," she went on, "and it was there that I joined the ship. The voyage began uneventfully enough, though we had some heavy weather in the Bight and again after leaving Fremantle. There were the usual entertainments, of course, and a day or two before the date fixed for the fancy dress ball it was suggested that I would perhaps help to swell the charity funds. Naturally, I said I would be only too glad, and so, on the evening of the dance they dressed me up as a gipsy. . . ." Miss Craig smiled a little wanly at the recollection. "I looked a perfect fright, as you can imagine, but nobody seemed to mind and certainly my little booth was besieged from the moment I entered and sat down."

She broke off then, and said: "Are you interested in the science of palmistry, doctor?"

"To tell the truth, Miss Craig, I know very little about it."

She nodded, as though this were the answer she had expected. "It has always fascinated me," she said, "I have made quite a study of it, and what originated as a mere fanciful pastime soon came to be something more—something in which I believed, earnestly and wholeheartedly, something in which I recognized a strange and mysterious power. In the course of time I attained a certain reputation, and when first I began to travel I found that this reputation grew and extended, travelling with me and even going on ahead. To-day, doctor, my mail brings me letters from all over the world—even from complete strangers."

She stopped. "But perhaps I am boring you?"

Hurst, who was far from being bored, hastened to reassure her.

"Well," she resumed, "my first consultant that evening was a young man still in his teens—a mere boy, and there was little enough that I could tell him. As any genuine student of palmistry will tell you, doctor, the lines of the hand grow and change with the subject, and for that reason the young hand is the most difficult of all to read. The lines are few and undeveloped, the past is usually uneventful, the future not yet foreshadowed. But the next was a man in early middle age, a man blessed with the good things of life—money, health, and a happy marriage. All this I could see at a glance, all this—yet one thing more. For even as I commented briefly on his character and the events of the past, all the time I was racking my brains to think what more I could say when these preliminaries were done. Doctor, on this hand before me I saw clearly the past milestones of his life, could clearly trace his progress through the years, for these things were plainly marked. Yet when I looked beyond, to the future, there was—*nothing*. Curious, I thought, yet there it was. Or was it my interpretation that was at fault?"

"On the third hand I saw the unmistakable sign of death—death that was to come soon, suddenly and without warning. I could scarcely be surprised. The trouble, as I could see, was heart disease."

Miss Craig paused and made a little helpless gesture.

"In so many cases, doctor, the opportunity is given to us to forewarn—perhaps even to indicate a helpful line of conduct. But *what* we should say, how much we should disclose and how much withhold, those are the problems. So much depends upon the general circumstances, upon the character of the consultant and the nature of the signs revealed. It is entirely a matter for discretion. But here, as I could clearly see, the fatality would be swift and unavoidable, and I said nothing. I am glad now, poor woman."

"The fourth was most obviously the hand of a professional man—a lawyer, perhaps, or a doctor. His career had been eminently successful, and yet I looked in vain for signs of further promise, there was nothing I could say. . . .

Illustrations by

"But I will not weary you with further repetition. So it was with this sense of frustration that I passed from hand to hand. Why could I see nothing? This succession of empty readings, what did it mean? But perhaps I was tired. Yes, I thought, that was it—I was tired, I wasn't concentrating."

She leaned forward, and the grey eyes bore a look of conviction which Hurst remembered long afterwards.

"That was not true, doctor. I knew it was not true. How could I disregard the evidence of my own eyes? It was as though those hands I read that night were washed clean of everything to come, that they showed only the familiar signs of character and the

record of the past—that they were the hands of those *whose lives were behind them.*

"I began to feel quite ill, and I knew that I could not go on. I made my excuses, and shortly before eleven I retired to my cabin. I felt worn out, exhausted. Yet my mind was in a turmoil and to sleep was impossible. I argued with myself, told myself that I was unwell and therefore not seeing things in true perspective. But, doctor, it was no use. Nothing that I could do would rid me of the horrible conviction which was growing in my mind. In the morning, though I came on deck, I felt no better. Before noon I had retired again to my cabin and there I stayed until the ship reached Durban.

"I shall never forget those few remaining days. That something was going to happen, something terrible and unforeseen, I felt convinced. Yet what could I do? Above all, what was my *duty?* To speak—or to say nothing? And if I were to speak, what would they think of me? A meddlesome, cranky old woman. Someone to be humoured. A dangerous alarmist, even."

Miss Craig paused and passed a hand wearily across her brow. "And so, doctor, not without many misgivings, I made my decision. I resolved to remain silent."

"If I may say so, Miss Craig, I think you were wise."

Miss Craig gazed out over the waters of the Indian Ocean dancing in the strong light. "And yet," she murmured, "*I might have saved them.*" The lifeless voice sank almost to a whisper. "All those poor people who remained on board, all those who must die—who may be dead, even now, as we speak. . . ."

Hurst stared. The woman was obsessed! Because, for some reason—indisposition, fatigue, or whatever it was—her flair for weaving stories round the lines in a hand had temporarily deserted her, she had allowed herself to brood and worry until the whole wretched episode had assumed an entirely unjustifiable significance. At this rate she would fast become a nervous wreck.

He spoke to her calmly and quietly, in an endeavour to convince her that her fears were groundless and unwarranted, but Miss Craig just smiled, waited patiently until he had finished speaking, and then quietly said:

"No, doctor, it is very kind of you, but—I *know.* The hand does not lie. Thank you for listening to me. You don't know what a relief it has been to be able to speak to you, even though you may not quite understand how I feel."

There was no more to be said, it seemed, and shortly after this Hurst left her and strolled out into the sunshine. The sky was cloudless. In face of the clear sanity of the midday sun the gloomy visions evoked by the recent conversation seemed to fade and grow unreal, and soon passed altogether from his thoughts.

Early in the evening, however, the whole matter was brought abruptly back to his mind. He was alone in the billiard room at the club, practising a few shots, when young Emerson came in with a newspaper under his arm.

"Hullo, doc," he said, "any more news of your new ship? Carter says that if anyone knows, you ought, seeing that you're in the Line."

"She was here the other day. What other news should there be?" Hurst answered, sparing half his mind from the table.

The boy seemed surprised. "Haven't you seen the paper?"

Hurst tried another shot. "You know I hate newspapers," he said. "What's the trouble, anyway?"

"Well, she's disappeared, or something."

"*Disappeared?*" Miss Craig's strange story came flooding back on the tide of memory. "Here," said Hurst, "show me that paper!"

There it was, under a modest headline, tucked away in a corner of the sheet:

LINER OVERDUE

*Mystery veils the whereabouts of the liner W******, now considerably overdue at Capetown——*

Quickly he read on. The ship had left Durban at 8 a.m. on July 26, carrying ninety-two passengers and 119 crew. She had last been sighted at 4 a.m. on the 27th, and was then properly on her course. There had been no hint of trouble of any kind, and the messages which had passed between the two vessels had closed on both sides with the customary good wishes for a pleasant voyage.

Yet from that moment all news had ceased.

A number of theories were advanced to account for the delay, and the brief paragraph ended with a footnote regarding the tonnage and cargo of the vessel, and other details. (*Continued on page* 58)

MISS CRAIG was standing in the hall as he entered, and her eyes travelled from his face to the paper in his hand, "You have something to tell me," she said

Satellites Swamped By London

By John Williams

IF London's projected satellite towns are to live up to their name they should remain sturdily and permanently separate from London. They will not, it is hoped, share the fate of those new "Towns" that arose beyond the city's outskirts in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, only to be submerged in the vast, untidy expansion of the Victorian capital.

No modern maps will show Hans Town, Portland Town, Kensington, Bromley or Walworth New Towns, Agar Town or even De Beauvoir Town, though this is less than a hundred years old. Only Somers Town, Camden Town and Pentonville remain as familiar names to-day, and these, like the others, have long since lost their old identity.

Many of these unofficial satellites were built on the country estates of Georgian landowners at a time when the western boundaries of the rapidly growing town were Park Lane and St. James's, and the Marylebone Road (then the New Road) was no more than a rural thoroughfare from Paddington to Islington. Often elegant and well-planned, they were purely speculative ventures by owners, architects and builders anxious to develop promising sites near London.

The Pavilion, Hans Place (1780). The original streets of Hans Town remain, but the handsome country house that Henry Holland built for himself in spacious grounds adjoining Hans Place, disappeared when London spread solidly to the Brompton Road

The earliest one arose in 1773 as a result of the Islington end of the New Road cutting through the land of a Captain Henry Penton. At first the little group of streets that he named Pentonville (it could have been called, less grandly, Penton Town) stood curiously urban in its rural surroundings, but by the turn of the century the northward thrust of London had begun to invade the fields of Clerkenwell to the south, and soon Captain Penton's little "Town" had only its name as a reminder of its once separate existence.

Hans Town, designed in 1780 by Henry Holland, occupied 100 acres of the Cadogan estate. It stood then among fields and market gardens, but now a ten-minute bus ride from Hyde Park Corner will take a passenger well beyond it, for Holland's rural Hans Town (named after Sir Hans Sloane) consisted of Cadogan Place, Sloane Street and Hans Place. Its rustic isolation, like that of Pentonville, was doomed from the start, and by 1825 the new squares and terraces of Belgravia were arising to cover completely the open country that separated it from London. The original streets remain, but the Pavilion, the handsome country house that Holland built for himself in spacious grounds adjoining Hans Place, disappeared when London spread solidly to the Brompton Road.

About the same time, the more northerly Somers and Camden estates were being laid out with two other "Towns." Somers Town, with its neat array of streets, its crescent and circular Polygon, was begun in 1786, and a few years later it became a centre for refugees from the French Revolution. Conveniently near the New Road, Somers Town was pleasantly sited at first among open meadows, but already within twenty years it was losing its country aspect, and a newspaper of 1810 commented ironically: "Another large field beyond Somers Town is about to be covered (*Continued on page 64*)

On left:
Paradise Row, Agar Town, showing the dilapidated hovels that covered this district in 1853. Situated where now stand some of London's biggest railway depots, it was run up by speculative builders to house some of London's rapidly growing working population. It was demolished within twenty-five years of its erection

The first unofficial satellite town was Pentonville as a result of the Islington end of the New Road cutting through the land of a Captain Henry Penton in 1773. The view on the right shows what John Street, Pentonville, looked like in 1819

David Garrick's first meeting with Peg Woffington. It was a case of love at first sight—and headlong love at that

DAVID GARRICK IN LOVE

The Romance Of The Famous Actor, His Wife Eva Marie Violette, And The Tempestuous Peg Woffington

Illustrated by Jack Matthew

IN 1746 a dainty Viennese dancer came to London to join the opera in the Haymarket and win the admiration of the town. To safeguard her on a journey which was then perilous for lovely young dancers, Mlle. Violette, or Violetti, dressed as a page, but evidently the disguise could not stand the test of fear and sea-sickness on the rough crossing. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, with whom she shared a cabin, tells us that the "lad" became so scared that he cried out in French, and in a voice that at once betrayed his real sex: "Oh! Are we in danger?" He consoled her, allayed her fears, and at Harwich had no further doubt about the pretty masquerade when a man came aboard asking for his daughter.

What handsome young David Garrick said when he first saw this lovely young vision leading the ballet we do not know. But we do know what he had said a few years previously when he saw the fascinating Peg Woffington. "Pray tell me—who is she?" he begged his friend. "She is divine! If only I might meet her!" "Perhaps at the fall of the curtain," the other replied; and another playgoer who had overheard Garrick's exclamations observed drily: "Another of the lovely Peggy's victims!"

After the show the friend, who knew Peggy, took him behind and introduced him. It was a case of love at first sight—and headlong love at that. Though all the town was in love with the ex-orange-girl of the Dublin slums, and she had many gallant suitors, she consented to set up house with Garrick and a brother-actor, Charles Macklin, in Bow Street, each taking turns at the housekeeping for a month at a time.

DAVID had frugal habits; in some things, possibly, he was even mean. Once, it is said, he was commenting on the parsimony of others when someone asked: "Why doesn't he take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's?" "He is not sure of selling the timber," observed Foote of the Haymarket Theatre. Another time Garrick dropped a guinea, failed to find it, remarked that it had "gone to the devil." "Well, David," said Foote, "let you alone for making a guinea go farther than anybody."

Peg's prodigal ideas of housekeeping evidently shocked David. Another disturbing factor which whipped the romance into a tempest was her jealousy of the manly, attractive young actor, whether or not there was any real cause for it. Suspecting a rival in another actress,

Once a very ordinary-looking dame was shown in, bringing Violette a letter full of passionate avowals. It was David Garrick himself in disguise

Knowing her Davy, she wondered if their value didn't count more than their sentimental interest . . .

SUCH was the sadder—and no doubt wiser—Garrick who found balm for a bruised heart in contemplating the exquisite Violette. This time, however, his conquest was not to be so easy. Get to know her? Well, that wasn't difficult, since he had the *entrée* to the theatre as an actor. But she was already queening-it among the lords and ladies of society, as well as on the stage. She had been taken up by Lord and Lady Burlington, who were whisking her round the town to balls and parties, introducing likely suitors to her in their own set, resolved that she should marry only a rich and noble one. My Lord Coventry, satisfactory in every way, was well in the running, with their approval. It is said that they made her gifts, perhaps to help the match, though it is unwise to question too closely why eighteenth-century lords made handsome presents to lovely dancers who brought grace and charm to their fashionable circle. Possibly Coventry had something to do with the benefactions when he discovered that a determined, ambitious young rival was hovering around waiting his chance.

The Burlingtons refused to consider David, and opposed his suit from the start. He wasn't yet famous; just a player in an age when players were outside the pale and mostly disreputable.

He had to devise more stratagems to get at his adored Violette than ever he 'd practised on the stage. Once a very ordinary-looking dame was shown in, bringing her a letter full of passionate avowals. It was Davy himself in disguise—the only way he could pierce the Burlington cordon. He had to play many strange rôles; why not this—for love? Violette gasped when he disclosed himself, protesting passionately his deep regard for her, his determination to make her his wife. From that moment she knew

Anne Bellamy, Peg beat her up mercilessly in a scene they had to play together. Having to declaim:

" Nor he nor Heaven shall shield thee from my justice!
Die, Sorceress, die! and all my wrongs die with thee!"

she suited the deed to the word with such realism that poor Anne was floored and pummelled, while the audience gasped.

Garrick seems to have touched on the subject of marriage and even toyed with

On left:
Suspecting a rival in another actress, Anne Bellamy, Peg Woffington beat her up mercilessly in a scene they had to play together

a ring for her pretty finger—though not, perhaps, too seriously. The day came when Peg was in a mind to clinch the matter and put the fateful enquiry, " When? ", but by that time he had decided that she was much too flighty and inconstant. " I love you, Peg," he said, " but I cannot marry you." He even remarked with classical condescension that he had " worn the shirt of Dejanira "—referring to the Greek lady who unwittingly killed her husband by presenting him with a poisoned robe.

Peg was furious. " Then throw it off at once, sir! " she cried shrilly, and went on to declare that nothing, now, would induce her to marry him. " From this moment I have done with you! To-day we part! " And part they did, after two years' silken dalliance. Peg returned his presents, he hers—all but a pair of diamond buckles which he begged to be allowed to keep " as a memorial of their friendship and many happy hours."

He bought Violette an elegant mirror—they were then rare and costly—and hung it where the portrait painted by Dance was to have hung

it was hopeless to resist, even had she wished to for the sake of her friends and patrons and the kindness they had showed her. She had lost her heart to Davy, and the rest was just a matter of tact and time. . . . The Burlingtons relented and blessed the match, according to report, by settling £6000 on her.

They married on a June day in 1748, set up house in Southampton Street, Strand, and later at the Hampton villa with its river lawns and Shakespeare temple. To make amends for snatching her from a lord, he saw to it that many fine lords and ladies—the Dukes of Devonshire, Portland, Richmond, Bedford and Lord knows who—should grace their home as guests in his Drury Lane heydays. And not only lords, but Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Walpole, Hogarth, Zoffany, and other leading lights of art and letters.

ONCE he commissioned an artist named Dance to paint his portrait for 100 guineas as a present to Mrs. Garrick, and allocated a place on the wall for it. At dinner Dance disclosed that Sir Somebody had seen it and offered 150 guineas, so would Garrick let him have it. "Never mind, dear," Davy whispered to his Violette, "you shall have a much handsomer picture than that to look at!" The next day he bought her an elegant mirror—they were then rare and costly—and hung it where the portrait was to have hung.

Davy preferred having them painted together, sitting on the lawn or by the temple. He went nowhere without her. She was always behind at the theatre, hearing rehearsals, giving advice, looking after the accounts, then watching the show from her box. When a new actor came to their London house for an audition, or to read a part, she was hidden behind a screen to share the fun and pronounce judgment. All their distinguished friends—except, perhaps, the sometimes waspish Walpole—loved them. "All parties of pleasure without Garrick and Pid-pad appear dull and insipid," said Lord Lyttleton, joking on her pronunciation of "pit-a-pat." The burly Johnson would burst in at all ungodly hours, demanding supper.

Davy was invariably charming and gallant to the dainty dancer who became, with the years, cosy and buxom. The roses of their wedding month sweetened nearly thirty years of happy marriage, and long after his death she loved most to talk of her Davy. George IV. and his brothers visited her in her long Hampton widowhood; one of the last pictures we have is of the old lady peeling onions when Queen Charlotte arrives. Graciously her Majesty joins in the humble task . . .

THE END.

When a new actor came to their London house for an audition, or to rehearse a part, Violette would hide behind a screen to share the fun and pronounce judgment

A City Of Palaces

By Wilma Buckley

ALTHOUGH it is not immediately apparent to the eye (as was the case in the more showy capitals of France and Austria), London has always been a city of palaces, royal and private. But London has never been built to a PLAN, except in isolated sections; neither has any king or queen of England ever succeeded in imposing on the capital a majestic royal palace that would dominate its surroundings. It is a far cry from the grandeurs of the Louvre and the Tuileries, for instance, to the simplicities of St. James's, and all the London palaces tend to be part and parcel of the streets that envelop, and even obscure them; instead of being set apart in augustan seclusion.

The monarch who most nearly achieved both a suitable palace and a worthy approach to it, was George IV, while he was still Prince Regent. Classical Carlton House (long since vanished) with its colonnaded screen and portico, the stuccoed sweep of Regent Street, the noble prospect of Portland Place, culminating in Regent's Park, provided a truly regal setting. Carlton House was demolished in 1826, the site being developed by Nash as a residential area——to atone for the vast amount originally spent on the palace and the even vaster sums about to be spent on the remodelling of Buckingham House, another of George IV's (as he then had become) spirited attempts at the grandiose.

Buckingham Palace, official London residence of the sovereign, began life as non-royal Buckingham House. Built in 1703 on the site of a mulberry garden by the Duke of Buckingham, it was acquired, late in the century, by George III and settled on Queen Charlotte. George IV, in his turn, decided to re-model this undistinguished town house into a royal domain on the same grand scale as the palaces of Paris. A magnificent design was prepared by Soane, but Nash, the king's favourite architect, secured the commission. Still unfinished at the death of the king in 1830, the reconstruction of Buckingham Palace was then entrusted to Edward Blore, who masked nearly the whole of Nash's building with a new front. The imposing archway leading into the Palace was removed, and set up at Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park, as the Marble Arch that we know to-day. Buckingham Palace was finally occupied by Queen Victoria in July, 1837, but this was by no means the end of its transformations. In 1913, an entirely new façade was superimposed on the building by Sir Aston Webb—the Palace front with which we are to-day familiar.

Buckingham Palace, official London residence of the sovereign, began life as a non-royal Buckingham House

St. James's Palace (so unexclusive a royal residence that the public may freely walk through one of its courtyards, as a short cut to the Mall!) was originally a marsh-bound sanctuary for leper maidens. It was acquired by Henry VIII in 1580 and rebuilt as a manor house; the (*Continued on page* 64)

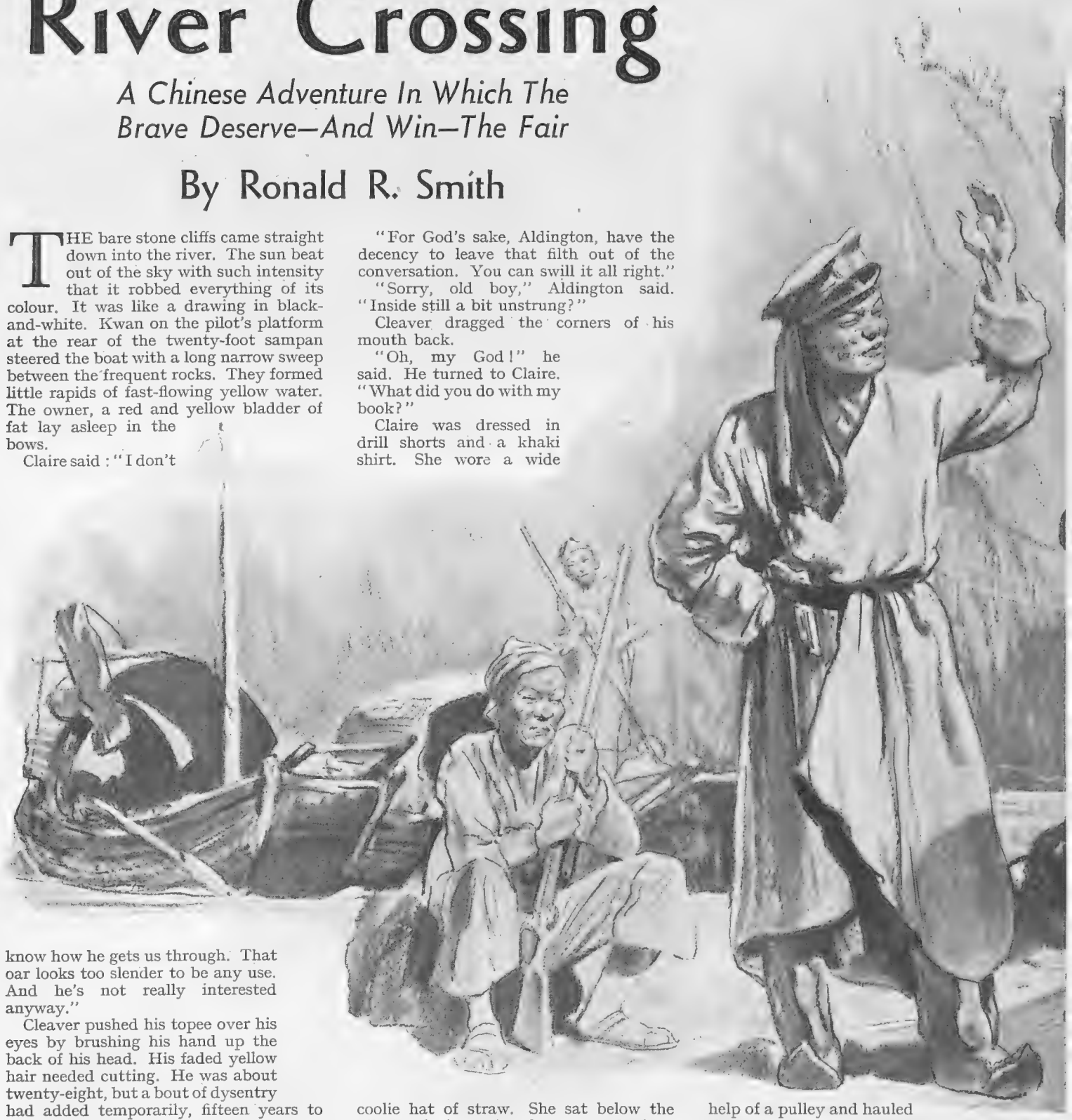
(On left) St. James's Palace, so unexclusive a royal residence that the public may freely walk through one of its courtyards, as a short cut to the Mall

(Below) Kensington Palace, a red brick William-and-Mary building set amidst lawns and trees

River Crossing

A Chinese Adventure In Which The Brave Deserve—And Win—The Fair

By Ronald R. Smith



THE bare stone cliffs came straight down into the river. The sun beat out of the sky with such intensity that it robbed everything of its colour. It was like a drawing in black-and-white. Kwan on the pilot's platform at the rear of the twenty-foot sampan steered the boat with a long narrow sweep between the frequent rocks. They formed little rapids of fast-flowing yellow water. The owner, a red and yellow bladder of fat lay asleep in the bows.

Claire said: "I don't know how he gets us through. That oar looks too slender to be any use. And he's not really interested anyway."

Cleaver pushed his topee over his eyes by brushing his hand up the back of his head. His faded yellow hair needed cutting. He was about twenty-eight, but a bout of dysentry had added temporarily, fifteen years to his face.

"Hereditary skill," he said. "His ancestors were probably doing this when ours were paddling round on a log not yet hollowed out even."

"I wish to heaven they'd inherited some culinary skill," Aldington said. "One of these days my stomach is going to strike, refuse point-blank to take any more of that boiled rice with bits of decomposing pig and poison ivy or some such leaves in it."

He leaned against the straw-matting cabin in the waist of the boat. His face was bright red and young-looking. He complained grinning. His stomach never gave him any trouble—few things did. Complaining of foreign food was a pleasant convention.

Cleaver bit his lower lip before replying.

"For God's sake, Aldington, have the decency to leave that filth out of the conversation. You can swill it all right."

"Sorry, old boy," Aldington said. "Inside still a bit unstrung?"

Cleaver dragged the corners of his mouth back.

"Oh, my God!" he said. He turned to Claire. "What did you do with my book?"

Claire was dressed in drill shorts and a khaki shirt. She wore a wide coolie hat of straw. She sat below the pilot's platform, her legs crossed along the bottom of the boat. In the strident intensity of light her eyes looked very pale and luminous and her skin like frail parchment. In a less intrusive light it was pale gold as were her knees. She wore an engagement ring given to her by Cleaver.

She looked at him steadily for a moment.

"You're sitting on your book," she said.

Cleaver's moodiness had been growing. He swallowed hard before he slid the book from under his haunches.

Aldington watched Claire close her eyes. The sampan passed under a rope, one of several, slung from tracks half way up the cliffs on each side. The natives ran down to the middle of the arc with the help of a pulley and hauled themselves hand over hand up the other side.

They were in a stretch of placid water now and the sampan barely moved. Aldington closed his eyes against the light and wondered how Cleaver managed to read.

They were supposed to be collaborating in a book about the Yangtse. He was to do the drawings, Cleaver the writing. It was going to be the hell of a book. He wished Claire hadn't come. She was too lovely; a girl like her shouldn't submit herself to the inevitable propinquity of a trip like this. Not that it detracted from her; in many ways it made her more desirable. But he'd always thought of her as something utterly remote and apart. The coming down to earth and walking with mortals disturbed him, made

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

THE bandit gave a sharp order. Two men trotted up with their rifles and pointed them at Cleaver. He raised his hand. "They fire at the fifth fall of my hand"

her seem attainable when of course she wasn't because she belonged to Cleaver. In self-defence he had treated her coolly and there were moments when he felt that she resented it.

"Excuse, please. A boat is following," Kwan said.

Aldington opened his eyes. Claire was already looking back.

Cleaver said: "What are we supposed to do about that?"

"Excuse please. I think it is bandits."

Cleaver put his book down. "Bandits? What makes you think so?"

"They have guns. They are not soldiers." Kwan shouted in Chinese to the owner. He uncurled himself, sat up, rubbed his hairless face, yawned, belched, and began to stare at the boat following. He obviously did not believe the bandits intended him any harm.

"I'm going to get my pistol," Aldington said. "I'll bring yours, Roy."

Somebody on the bandit's boat fired a rifle and the bullet whined over the head of the oarsman, Kwan.

The owner said something in Chinese. Kwan began to ship his oar.

Claire and Cleaver were crouching behind the pilot's platform. Cleaver's shoulder was against hers and Claire could distinctly feel it trembling. She looked at him astonished. Darting fear was in his eyes.

"Keep on rowing," she said to Kwan. And then: "Of course he can't, he's too exposed."

"No, he obviously can't stay up there," Aldington said. He had two Smith and Wesson revolvers and a handful of grey cartons each holding a dozen .38 rounds with him. He handed a revolver and three cartons to Cleaver who immediately put them down on the bottom of the boat.

"Better to stop," Kwan said, climbing down.

There was another puff of smoke from the bandits' boat, a fluttering sound as the bullet ricocheted off the pilot's platform.

"I'm going to have a go," Aldington said. "Though at a hundred yards I'm going to be hellish bad. I'm just bad at twenty."

He began loading.

"Better not shooting," Kwan said. "Make bandits mad."

"What do you imagine it does to us?" Claire said. "Aren't you going to use your gun, Roy?"

"Kwan's right. Let them come aboard. They daren't do anything to us. We're British citizens. Put that gun down, Aldington."

Claire looked hard at Cleaver and then picked up his revolver. "How do you load this thing, Stuart?" she said.

Aldington glanced quickly at her. It was the first time she had used his Christian name for weeks. "Take mine and give that one to me. There's no safety catch. Just pull the trigger. But for God's sake keep well down, Claire. Aim low; they tend to throw up."

"Stop it. Stop it. Stop it." Cleaver pummelled his knees with his fists. "It's stupid. It will end in murder. I won't have it. I'll talk to them."

With an uncanny two-handed skill Cleaver suddenly grabbed simultaneously for both pistols. Neither Claire nor Aldington expected it and he wrenched them out of their hands without trouble. The pistols fell into the yellow water one after the other with cool plumping sounds.

"Must we act like Kipling characters?" he said. He glared in their general direction but looked at neither. "We need intelligence, not heroics."

The two Chinamen watched the scene with bland neutrality.

Nobody spoke as they waited for the bandit sampon to overhaul them. Claire was so motionless she might have been sleeping. Cleaver rubbed his arms. Aldington watched the vessel drawing nearer. In the body of the boat there were six Chinese wearing the blue cotton clothing of the average Chinaman. The leader was standing dramatically in the prow. He was wearing tall, felt Mongol boots with turned-up toes, in black and red. On his head he wore a greenish-brown military-looking peaked cap. He shouted in Chinese and Kwan, answering shortly, got up on his platform and began manoeuvring the boat towards a spit of white sand on the right bank to which the bandit pointed.

Both boats were dragged up on to the sand and everybody stepped ashore from both boats except Kwan and the owner. It was cool and shaded under the cliffs. Colour became visible again and Aldington could see that the bandit chief was much darker than his men—probably from evil living which they couldn't afford. His face had the colour of unburnished copper. His eyes were non-committal slits. His lips were permanently pursed in what looked like rather childish impertinence. He wore an automatic in his belt, probably Japanese manufacture to German pattern. The men, pale yellow and meagre, were armed with rifles and one of them had a long sword rather like a Japanese Samurai sword dangling about his sandal-clad feet. Two of the men pointed their weapons at the English as they herded them to a pile of rocks at the foot of the cliff. They were without menace.

"Siddown," the bandit said. It might have been an American speaking.

Claire and Aldington obeyed. Cleaver still standing said: "I trust you know what you are doing."

The bandit inspected Cleaver with that bland, overt curiosity of the Oriental.

"I am a much travelled man," he said. "I have been to America. I have lived one year in Singapore. I have lived two years in Pekin. I have lived nearly two years in Chungking. I have lived three years in Chengtu. I have lived one and a half years in Shanghai. I have visited many other cities. I read English. I talk English like I am English. I know what I am doing."

Aldington said: "You haven't really lived until you've been to Brighton at Whitsun."

Cleaver said: "For God's sake, Aldington. Don't you see this is a moment to behave with dignity."

"My dignity went overboard with my pistol," Aldington said. "However, the show is yours from now on, old boy."

The men squatted among the rocks watching their leader. He struck an attitude for them, Napoleonic in his high Mongol boots.

"You have all terrible pale eyes," he said. "I don't like them."

"Would you mind telling us what you want exactly," Claire said.

"Are women leaders then in your country?"

"You'll hear enough about our country and its customs," Cleaver said. "What are your intentions?"

"You are the wise one, the boatman tells me. Pale-eyed people aren't wise often. Give me your watch."

"I shall do no such thing," Cleaver said.

The bandit gave a sharp order. Two men trotted up with their rifles and pointed them at Cleaver. He raised his hand. "They fire at the fifth fall of my hand." He dropped it once, twice.

Cleaver unstrapped the watch and handed it over. The bandit fastened it on to his own yellow wrist, glancing at his men. He gave another order and four of them trotted down the little beach to the sampan and began to unload it with the help of the two boatmen. They piled the stuff up in front of the pile of rocks—blankets, rucksacks, Aldington's two 35-millimetre cameras and two big wooden boxes.

"I shall hold you for ransom," the bandit said. "If I don't get it I shall kill you. And now I must go and see that these sonofabitch boatmen aren't holding out on me." He walked away towards the sampan.

"What do you make of it?" Clair said. "If an English comedian dressed himself up to look like a Chinese Napoleon and spoke with an American accent you'd get something like this."

"He looks a fool, but he's a dangerous one," Cleaver said.

Aldington said; "There's one thing certain. The British Resident at Feng Ku won't pay any ransom money on principle. And nobody else will. He probably thinks we're important personages."

"He's liable to be quite homicidally disappointed when he finds out we're not," Claire said.

For a moment they had forgotten the incident on the boat. It came back to them simultaneously and tied their tongues.

Cleaver said suddenly: "You think my nerve broke on the boat, don't you?"

"Forget it," Aldington said.

"Why don't *you* say something, Claire?"

"There's nothing to say. I'm busy considering the future."

"So you do think so?"

The bandit strutted up to the group.

"We must go," (*Continued on page 66*)

WITH his back to the rope the figure began swinging the sword in terrifying arcs. "Roy's got the sword," she whispered. "He's driving them away from the rope"

"Your shirt front is a little frayed, I think." A pair of King Penguins. The one on the right is moulting

Birds In Dress Shirts

The King Penguin And Other Antarctic Denizens

By Frank W. Lane

THERE are probably no more popular birds in the world than penguins. They seem to be quite unafraid of human beings and both in appearance and behaviour are "almost human." Antarctic explorers have said that they have been met on the inhospitable shores of the far south by flocks of penguins which have behaved in such a way as strongly to suggest that the quaint little birds had formed themselves into a welcoming committee.

No penguins are found north of the equator unless they have been transported there by man. Penguins abound amid the south polar wastes but they are also found on the Galapagos Islands on the equator, and on the coasts of South Africa. Altogether there are some twenty species and subspecies of penguins, the largest of which, the Emperor, may be four feet in height and weigh six or seven stones.

Antarctic penguins have, of course, to live in one of the coldest climates in the world and it is interesting to note that Nature has endowed them with probably the finest cold-resisting covering found among wild creatures. Unlike the great majority of birds, the feathers are distributed uniformly over the surface of the body. Penguins are, in fact, more completely covered with feathers than many fur-bearing mammals are with fur. They also have more feathers per square inch than any other bird, sometimes as many as 300. Dr. P. R. Lowe estimates that on the back of an Emperor penguin's forearm there are some 4,000 feathers.

Such a tight-fitting armour of feathers, coupled with copious oil secretions, render a penguin completely impervious to moisture, and enable it to swim in ice-cold water with the minimum of trouble. Incidentally, penguins can hold their breath when swimming below water, as they must to obtain their food, for a very long time. One bird was observed to stay under water for six minutes, but this is exceptional and few birds would voluntarily stay below for so long.

Penguins are fast swimmers, probably reaching twenty miles an hour at times, or roughly the maximum speed of a submarine when submerged. An indication of the high speed attained under water can be gathered from the penguin's habit of shooting out of the water direct on to the ice. Some birds have been seen to jump direct from the water to a shelf of ice standing five feet above sea-level.

One of the worst foes of the smaller penguins, such as the adélie, is the sea-leopard, a ferocious creature which has been known to make unprovoked attacks on men. Dr. Murray Levick, who was on the famous Scott Antarctic Expedition which ended so tragically for the leader and his

(*Continued on page* 64)

"Don't be greedy, children." A Ring Penguin feeding a pair of ravenous chicks at the same time

"Let's go house hunting." A pair of Macoroni Penguins in a Ring Penguin's Rookery

ARTURO was a ne'er-do-well. He propped himself up against a kindly oleander, or lolled on the steps of the English Cathedral glancing up and down the little Main Street of Gibraltar. He watched the flower women selling freesias, and chattering together with black-shawled heads bobbing over the flowers.

Trade was drifting back to Gibraltar. Almost all the little shops had re-opened. The Indians stood in their doorways to waft customers inside where joss sticks burned. Ver' nice perfume. The ver' best shawl. Look-see. No need for buy. All fixed price. How well Arturo knew the old story!

He looked at old man Seruya's shop. Paunchy little Mr. Seruya sat there scrabbling at a bowl of rice, but ever ready to lure a client within. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that Arturo looked at Carmina, Mr. Seruya's only child. It was strange that a paunchy old man so versed in vice should have so beautiful a daughter. Carmina had a full round bust, she had dark curls framing an oval face of cameo loveliness, her skin was like the creamy rose-flecked oleanders in spring, and she had dark, vivacious eyes. When she laughed the heart of Arturo rejoiced.

Once he had thought that he would make a fortune and marry her; but his spirit flagged before the effort it would entail. He

"WRITE the message for Enrico on that," said Arturo, "and I will take it"

Illustrations by Frank Lea

Very Clever Fellow

Who Used His Talent To Make Two Lovers Very Happy

By Ursula Bloom

liked drifting. He only did a job when his little money ran out, and if it ran out completely he could always go back and live with the fisherman cousin at Tarifa. Most of the day he lay basking in the sunshine on a seat in the Alameda. It was drowsy there, heady-sweet with the scent of orange blossoms and heliotrope. Sometimes—but only when the need pressed—he went down to the Commercial Mole and helped unload a cargo boat. When Arturo unloaded he always managed to secrete something for himself. A couple of cigarette cases, a few bottles of wine, something he concealed about the manly person and sold later. The maze of little dark streets of Gib did great trade in contraband, and Arturo was cunning as the Barbary apes swinging in the Trafalgar burying ground. He knew all there was to know, therefore he appreciated that Carmina Seruya was out of his reach.

He gave a hitch to his dilatory trousers that only just kept within the bounds of decency, for he saw the army sergeant coming, the one with a moustache like a cat-fish's. He and old man Seruya had already had an ugly scene. The sergeant had once gone into Seruya's to buy a souvenir for his wife, it made Arturo laugh to recall it. The sergeant wanted to pay little and buy much; old man Seruya had contrary ideas.

The sergeant paid top price for a pair of blonde tortoiseshell brushes and comb elaborately fitted into a pretentious case lined with ruched pink silk. The brushes were imitation. They had been given an extra polish and arranged in the handsome case, filched in the delivery of a real set to a lady travelling East. Only when her liner was off Catalan Bay did she discover that in transit the handsome case had disappeared.

Old man Seruya had been labouring under the impression that the sergeant with a moustache like a cat-fish's, was ordered home. How should a simple soul like poor old Mr. Seruya realize that he would sign on for another period? Or that his wife knew celluloid when she saw it?

The sergeant came back, and Arturo lounging against the oleander laughed to hear the row.

"Don't you ever cross my path again, you dirty scum," said the sergeant, "or I'll beat the hide off your back," and he left, in a furious passion.

Arturo loved Carmina. He told her so one day at the La Linea bull fight. He knew by her eyes that she was not for him. He knew also when Enrico Mendoza appeared. Enrico Mendoza came from Seville to sell silks. He stayed at the Hotel Cecil, so he was important. Arturo knew that Enrico loved Carmina, because he saw them sitting together in the Alameda with glimpses of vivid Mediterranean between the eucalyptus trees. It was so romantic. He saw them walk between the tangerines with the sweet scent of freesias, they were hand in hand and obviously in love. Arturo was not jealous or only a little. He was sad. He watched them walk by the tomb of the faithful wife who had eleven children and died young as a dismal warning against matrimony. What was it to them? They were in love.

In Arturo's breast there burnt a spark of virtue, he wanted to see Carmina happy. She worked hard keeping her father's house, the old man beat her, and Arturo hated him. He had never liked him since the day when Mr. Seruya seeing him look lovingly at his daughter had hit him over the head with a *bandeja*. Arturo had shrieked with the pain of it.

Old man Seruya would not want his daughter to marry Enrico and go away to live in Seville where she could not cook for him, he wanted to keep her as some sort of a slave. Arturo knew there would be a to-do.

There was a to-do.

Solemnly Enrico went to ask the hand of Carmina as is proper. It was an unfortunate evening, for although a P. and O. had been in the bay, old man Seruya had not done well by it. He had obtained some so-beautiful bottles of perfume, and by the simple method of adding a little Gibraltarian H_2O had doubled the quantity of handsome bottles, though hardly the quality, re-tying them with fanciful ribbons. Unfortunately the Indian shops had also got bottles of so-beautiful perfume, in black glass with silver tassels, and they had managed to keep the seals intact. To-day tourists showed the most remarkable and disconcerting suspicion in their crafty examination before purchase. Old man Seruya was in the blackest temper.

Enrico had chosen this unpropitious moment; he wanted to go within to parley, but the old man would not have it. So they had to discuss the romantic matter in the doorway. Arturo could hear it all as he lolled against the oleander, picking his teeth with a pine needle.

Old man Seruya was working himself up into a fury. He would never give his permission for them to marry. Instead he would lock his daughter in her room until all danger of her conniving with Enrico was past. He would invoke all the important people in Gibraltar to come to his aid, and he knew the important people in Gibraltar. All the important people, and most intimately.

At this moment the sergeant with a moustache like a cat-fish's

came down the street smartly, tapping his thigh with the little swagger cane. Here's trouble! thought Arturo. Mr. Seruya took off his frowsty hat and bowed low in the manner of a benign old gentleman. From force of habit he almost began, "Some so-beautiful perfume? Very good, all ri'," but restrained himself in time.

The sergeant scowled, and spat into the gutter. Then he went on. The row, which had lost nothing of its impetus from this slight interruption, began again. It was a good row, even Arturo could appreciate it to the full. In the end Mr. Seruya reached for a *banderilla*, the kind with the fireworks attached. He hit Enrico over the shoulders with it, so forcefully that the firework exploded. Enrico was considerably shaken, and he ran away.

But he did not leave Gibraltar.

For two days Carmina was locked in her room, then Arturo saw her buying olives in the little shop off the Main Street; her eyes were swollen, and her arms bruised, she looked very ill. It shocked Arturo to see her so pale.

"My heart is broken," she told him and sobbed.

"*Madre de Dios.* What will you do?"

"I do not know. I can never love anyone else as I love Enrico, but my father will never let me marry him."

Arturo said, "Why don't you run away?" He personally was most proficient at running away.

She told him the truth. "When my mother died she left me her jewels. They are not much to other people, but they mean everything to me. The amber heart. The gipsy earrings, the necklace of carved coral. I would never leave them for him, for he would only sell them, and now he has taken them from me, and has locked them away." She looked at him wistfully. "I loved my mother," she said.

"Naturally," said Arturo, who had never known his mother. Then very humbly, "And I love you, Carmina."

"If you love me you will help me."

"But how can anyone help you?"

"If only my father would go out of the house I could find the jewels, pack them and then run away with Enrico. But he never goes out of the house. He is always there. Besides, I should want two or three hours. When has my father been absent for two or three hours? He might lose business by it, and you know what business means to my father."

Arturo did know. He had not lolled against the oleander tree for nothing. He patted her hand. "I will arrange something clever," he promised, "I am a very clever fellow."

"Ah, but not so clever as all that." Carmina glanced at his ragged trousers and his big Andalusian hat with the perished straw brim.

Arturo said, "I will tell Enrico to be ready next Thursday. You will see, I will get your father away. Not for one hour, or two hour, but for all night." He reached on to the counter and tweaked a soiled paper bag in his direction. "Write the message for Enrico on that," said he, "and I will take it."

For a moment she could not believe him, then she wrote a message. Arturo went to the hotel and stood importantly in the foyer, holding the soiled paper bag. The waiter did not believe that he had a message for Señor Enrico Mendoza, and Enrico himself looked irritably surprised when he saw Arturo there.

"How dare you——?" he began.

With a sweet smile and a finger to the lips Arturo presented the soiled paper bag. After that everything was honeyed. Enrico could hardly believe what had happened. He took Arturo into the little Spanish lounge by the side of the hotel and there they had an intimate *tête-à-tête* with liquid accompaniment. Nothing could have been nearer to Arturo's liking.

He went out again into the Main Street much cheered and refreshed. He was a very clever fellow. He swaggered along, and took up a strategic position leaning against the oleander as usual. Old man Seruya was sitting on a chair in the doorway of the street eating rice and meat from a bowl with his fingers. It was very messy. He looked at Arturo, who took off his Andalusian hat with a flourish. In a deferential manner he came closer.

"The perfume?" he inquired. "The so-beautiful perfume? You have much left?"

Just at first the old man was not to be drawn. Arturo explained that he had a friend who lived in a bungalow on the Rock (*Continued on page* 51)

MR. SERUYA felt in his pocket and brought out two dirty pieces of paper. One was the pass. "No star," said Arturo. "This is not so happy"

Right About Face

Fashion's decree is that this year back views shall be more important even than front ones, and bustles and bows, pleats and trimmings all concentrate interest on the rear. But rear views are not confined to clothes; houses, gardens, even outlooks must be attractive from every visible angle. Refusal to tolerate disorder behind a Good Front ensures that every facet of our lives is attractive and that there are no disappointments on the other side of the picture.

The newest hair-do's, in tune with clothes, are supremely elegant from behind. They are swept up to the crown of the head in lovely diagonals; ribbon-tied bunches of curls lie softly on the nape; sleek coils nestle behind the ears. But all are brushed, brilliantined and pinned so that the lovely line at the back is an unbroken, perfect curve.

Jackets flow backwards from waistlines into flutes and pleats, skirts are gathered into provocative bustles and bows. Hats, set straight on the head, feature entrancing back detail, and are complemented by coiffures designed to set them off. These clothes are immensely flattering and feminine, and the woman who wears them can turn her back with confidence.

Lying in the sun, backs are oiled and burnished to a smooth perfection. Sleek as seals, they have been scrubbed with a soapy loofah to stimulate the circulation; enlarged pores have been dealt with, and the sun allowed to work its magic *slowly*, so that evening gowns look enchanting against delicately browned skin.

In summer sandals, bare heels are rosy and well-kept. Hard or dingy portions have been pumiced, treated with cuticle remover, and cream-massaged round the back of the ankle and the heel itself. Shoes tap merrily down sunnier streets, the heels freshly repaired—how true it is that over-run footwear can wreck the smartest outfit.

No less than people, houses respond to grooming. So often a beautiful façade or lovely front garden gives way to disillusionment behind.

Take cupboards. How often the gleaming painted doors open to reveal confusion. Some of this can be eliminated by fitting cupboard doors with hooks and racks, these to accommodate the odds and ends which tend to explode into the room.

The back room of the house—the one which gets no sun and has been for so long no more than a jumble-room, can be brought into practical service. Get rid of all the junk. Why go on clinging to the illusion that it will "come in for something"? Face up to it; valuable space in your house is being wasted on storing things which are of doubtful prospective value and a distinct liability in the present.

Back doors. Flanked by dustbins, accompanied by tool sheds, they present a sorry spectacle in many homes, but a coat of gay paint, a trellis screen and some tubs of flowers put quite a new complexion on the backdoor scene.

Don't forget the limbo often referred to as "the back of the mind," where we store years of things left undone, unremembered and unaccomplished. Bring out this mental lumber for airing—such purges bring the back of the mind into full awareness again.

A Wedding

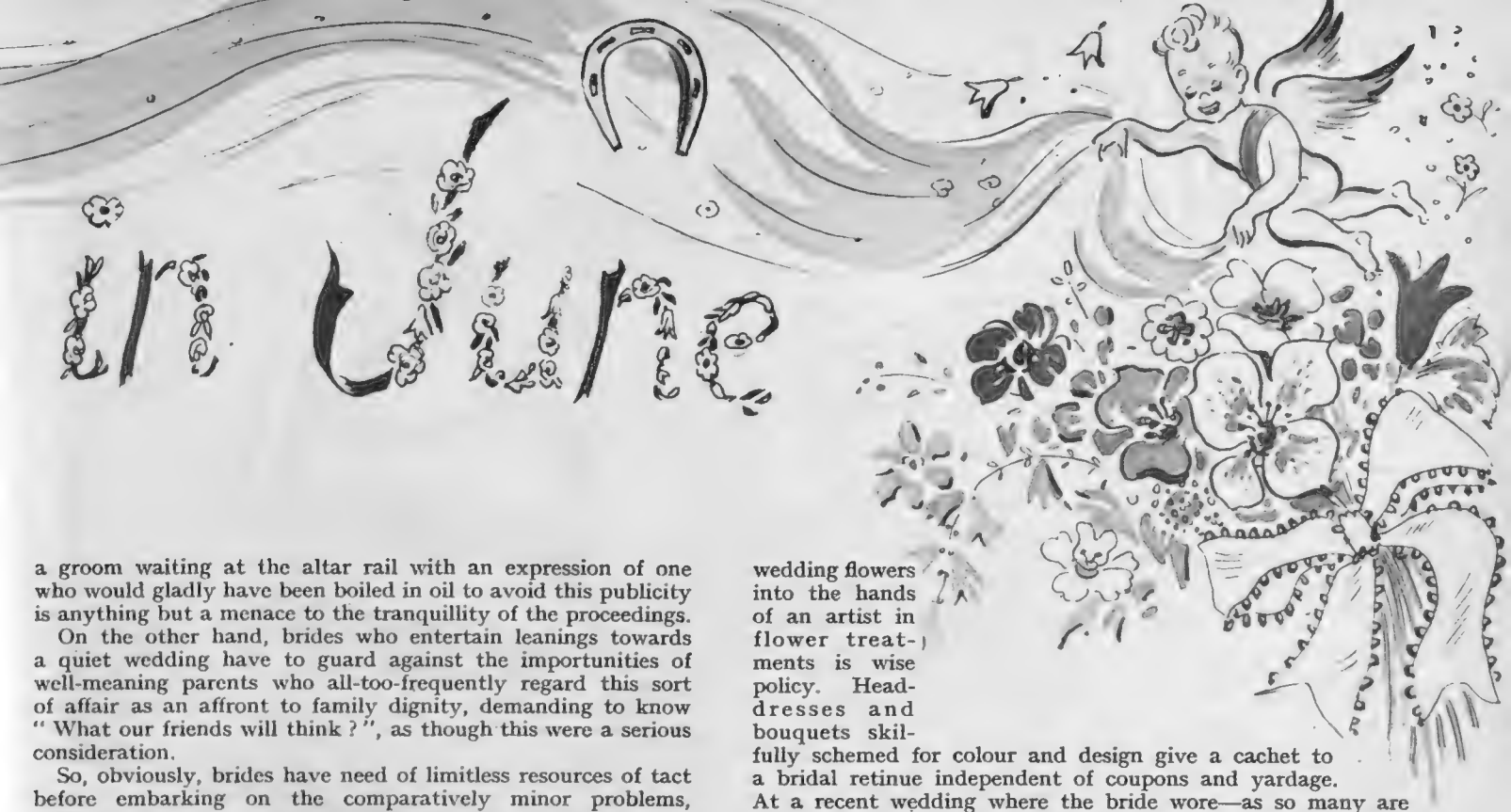
Hat for a wedding from real flowers exquisitely mounted to fit the head and finished with a bow. This and the bridesmaid's coronet and flower muff below were designed and made by Eva Sereny

LET summer be as capricious as it likes, but the tradition that flaming June is the right and proper month for a wedding still stands. Let the month of roses disguise itself as December, but brides-to-be still see themselves, misty in tulle, emerging from churches in a radiance compounded of happiness and sunshine. Moreover, some of them will accomplish both.

So, if you are set upon a wedding in June, here are some points to watch—a kind of insurance that yourself and all the participating parties—even the guests who have to answer for the set of houp-là jugs—will look upon the occasion without bitterness.

Which introduces the thought that however passionately one may wish to figure on The Day as leading lady in a romantic costume-piece, it is as well for the bridegroom to share one's enthusiasm for display. No use to persuade oneself that

The coupon question has brought the heirloom bridal gown into prominence. The one below was made from several pieces of antique lace for Valerie Hobson for her appearance as the bride in the new film "Blanche Fury"



a groom waiting at the altar rail with an expression of one who would gladly have been boiled in oil to avoid this publicity is anything but a menace to the tranquillity of the proceedings.

On the other hand, brides who entertain leanings towards a quiet wedding have to guard against the importunities of well-meaning parents who all-too-frequently regard this sort of affair as an affront to family dignity, demanding to know "What our friends will think?", as though this were a serious consideration.

So, obviously, brides have need of limitless resources of tact before embarking on the comparatively minor problems, "Whom to ask and what to give them to eat," and so on.

As to invitations, some elimination of "the people we can't leave out" is the only possible insurance in these times of difficult entertaining that the reception will provide sufficient elbow-room—not to say enough to eat and drink, for everybody. Even if you are obliged to omit your second cousin's boy-friend, and even if she is furious, this is your wedding day and happiness must not be marred by even one detail of mismanagement.

A successful wedding reception is, at the final count, a matter of efficient and early planning, and differs only from any other party in the sense that one is tempted to try to please everybody before oneself. This is a nice spirit, but absolutely fatal to efficient organisation.

THE time of the wedding and of the reception must, quite properly, be dictated by the convenience of the bride and groom, but guests do appreciate some enlightenment as to what form the entertaining will take. For instance, if the wedding is at twelve o'clock, are they to anticipate lunch at the reception or are they to make snacks suffice for a meal? On the other hand, if the wedding is at two o'clock, are they to lunch before the ceremony or wait, only to find themselves, fainting with hunger, holding a glass of champagne in one hand and a small wedge of cake in the other?

About drink, one would obviously prefer to serve champagne, but the chances are that unless one is entertaining a small party, high cost and short supplies will leave one wondering how to make the drink go round. In this case it is advisable to forget about champagne. The tendency at current wedding receptions is to find oneself toasting the bride with a negligible quantity of champagne from a glass that was never intended for such exalted use. This situation is ruinous to the æsthetic atmosphere of the occasion and forces the conclusion that important though tradition may be, white wine, a good punch or even a well-contrived cup is a better choice.

A detail perhaps, but an important one, is to see that there are enough chairs to go round. A smooth party is one where every guest is comfortable, and these are details which must be worked out in advance, because on The Day the people who should be attending to such matters are always mysteriously preoccupied, probably with what they are going to say in their speech.

It is hard enough, goodness knows, to make a bridal retinue impressive in these days of austerity, but with regard to clothes the secret undoubtedly lies in basic simplicity aided by original colour effects and the clever handling of flowers. To put the whole matter of wedding flowers into the hands of an artist in flower treatments is wise policy. Headdresses and bouquets skilfully schemed for colour and design give a cachet to a bridal retinue independent of coupons and yardage. At a recent wedding where the bride wore—as so many are doing—her grandmother's wedding gown, her attendants wore simple dresses of cream lace (unrestricted), with hats and muffs of fresh flowers in a riot of natural colour.

The result of weeks of anticipating a wedding, of facing the limelight and of dealing with people who, mysteriously at this time, are known to be more difficult than normally, is that brides are almost inevitably reduced to a frame of mind in which they could practically call the whole thing off, but it is equally well known that however ghastly the situation may seem the day before, it is always "all right on the day," and whether the sun shines on her or doesn't, that June brides are lucky ones.

Rosamund John, starring in the forthcoming film of Howard Spring's novel, "Fame is the Spur"

Sleeveless Sports Pull-Over

MATERIALS : 3½ ozs. of 3-ply Templeton's "Ayrbeam" White, 2 ozs. of 3-ply Templeton's "Ayrbeam" Blue. One pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles. One crochet-hook, No. 12.

MEASUREMENTS : To fit a 32-34-in. bust.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

FRONT.

With white wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work in the following main rib.

1st row : * K. 2, p. 2 ; repeat from * to end.

2nd row : Purl. These 2 rows form main rib. Continue in main rib for 3 ins. Change to blue wool with a *purl* row. Continue until blue stripe measures 2 ins., *at the same time* increasing 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 116 sts. Change to white wool with a *purl* row, work 2 ins. Change to blue wool with a purl row. Work 2 ins. Change to white wool with a purl row. Work 2 ins. Change to blue wool with a purl row. Work 2 ins. (13 ins. from the cast-on edge.)

SHAPING.

Cast off 16 sts., work 84 sts., cast off 16 sts. Work on the centre 84 sts. in blue wool until stripe measures 2 ins. Change to white wool. Work 1 in.

SHAPE NECK.

(Continue in white wool.) Work 20 sts., cast off 44 sts. Work 20 sts. Work on the last 20 sts. When white stripe measures 2 ins., change to blue wool. Work 2 ins. Change to white wool. Work 2 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER.

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole-end rows. Return to the remaining 20 sts. and work to correspond with the last set of 20 sts.

BACK.

Work as for the front, *but* do not inc. at the side edges until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge (100 sts.). (*Continued on page 56*)

White For Tennis

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of Munrospun "Fairytex" White. ¼ oz. each of Yellow and Brown. One pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles. 3 buttons. One No. 12 crochet-hook.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins. Across the back and front underarms, 17 ins. Underarm sleeve seam, 6 ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

BACK.

With No. 10 needles, cast on 110 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 6 rows. Change to stocking stitch (knit 1 row knit, 1 row purl). Work until 4 ins. from the cast-on edge.

FAIR ISLE.

1st row : * 1 w., 1 b. ; repeat from * to end. Stocking stitch 4 rows in white. **6th row :** * 1 b., 1 w. ; repeat from * to end. Stocking stitch 4 rows in white. **11th row :** 1 w., * 1 b., 3 w. ; repeat from * until the last 2 sts. 1 b., 1 w. **12th row :** * 3 b., 1 w. ; repeat from * ending with 3 b. **13th row :** Knit all in brown. **14th row :** Purl all in brown. **15th row :** 2 b., * 3 y., 3 b. ; repeat from * to the last st., 1 b. **16th row :** 2 y., * 1 b., 2 y. ; repeat from * to the last st., 1 b. **17th row :** * b. 1, 1 y. ; repeat from * to end. **18th row :** as 16th row. **19th row :** as 15th row. **20th row :** as 14th row. **21st row :** as 13th row. **22nd row :** as 12th row. **23rd row :** as 11th row. Stocking stitch 4 rows white. **28th row :** as 6th row. Stocking stitch 4 rows white. **33rd row :** as 1st row. Purl one row. Now continue in white until 15 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES.

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every (*Continued on page 56*)

Getting Into Print

This Year's Cottons Are Washable, Colourful And, In Many Cases, Inexpensive.

(Left.) An adorable dress for a young girl in pink marcella with a moulded bodice and hipline flaring into a crisp full skirt. A stiffened cotton petticoat goes with the dress. A Dorville model at ceiling price.

(Left.) Swim or play suit by Jantzen in sweet pea printed rayon. Skirt, underpants and "bra" are crease-resisting, water repellent, non-shrink and fast to sun. Price 47s. 7d. and seven coupons.

(Left.) The charming house-coat is a Horrockses model in pearl-grey, pink and white printed cotton. Perfect styling and crisp freshness make the ideal négligé for summer and holiday travelling. Price approximately £5. (Right.) Horrockses also make this attractive blue and white cotton print dress with a gathered neckline which is drawn up with a spring so that it can be flattened out for easy ironing. Price £3 3s. 2d.

Wood for the improvised dressing-table fitment cost one pound. The eighteenth-century mirror was six pounds and the Utility dressing-stool, £11 8s. 9d. (At the top of the page.) A rocking-chair lends a note of charm and homeliness and cost £3.

Winifred Lewis Talks About

A Home On A Budget

AS the cost of furnishing two simple rooms, £168 is a figure to set grandmothers turning, even tossing, in their graves, but none the less, it represents the present cost of furnishing a bedroom and sitting-room and by austerity standards at that.

At a recent exhibition in London the Council of Industrial Design were sponsors of an experiment, the result of which is pictured on these pages.

The object was to furnish two main rooms of a small house with distinction and comfort, meeting the problems of restriction and shortages that the average home-maker is familiar with to-day, while keeping the cost within specified limits.

The consultant designer worked to a budget of £175 and thirty dockets, which is the number allowed to a married couple with one child. The final cost of furnishing the rooms left £6 8s. 9d. in hand for the purchase of additional equipment as and when required.

A union of Utility and second-hand furniture helped to solve the problem of units. The possession of radio, lamps, pictures and ornaments was assumed.

In the living-dining-room Utility furniture used consists of a mahogany dining-table, occasional table, a settee and three dining-chairs. The armchair and a wicker easy chair were second-hand, re-covered.

In the bedroom a mahogany double bed and a dressing-stool comprise the Utility furniture; all other items of hard furnishing are second-hand.

In both rooms felt has been used for floor covering. In each case it is the most costly single item on the budget, but the colouring and the comfort which this rather lavish expenditure produces seems to be justified, and, of course, the cost is still lower than it would have been for carpets.

Uncouponed material has been used wherever possible for fabrics, and ingenious trimmings, like the white pom-pon decoration on the bed-cover and curtains in the bedroom, bring originality and colour interest to quite humble materials.

(Below.) The bedroom has pale grey wall-paper with yellow felt floor covering. Curtains and bedspread are made from grey cotton dusters decorated with braid and pompons which match the carpet

Where The Money Went

LIVING-DINING-ROOM.

	£	s.	d.
Felt floor covering and rug	42	2	8
Wallpaper at 15s. piece	2	5	0
Pelmet in canvas and cord	1	3	4½
Curtains and cushion covers	3	3	4
Utility furniture	38	1	6
Second-hand chairs	9	14	6
Covering for chair and cushion	6	3	8
	£102	14	0½

BEDROOM.

	£	s.	d.
Wallpaper at 6s. piece	2	8	0
Felt floor covering	17	4	6
Bedspread, curtains and pelmet from braid, dusters, cord	5	14	5
Utility bed and dressing-stool	9	2	9
Second-hand furniture	19	17	6
Wood and paint for dressing-table	1	10	0
	£55	17	2
Allowance for electric-light fittings	10	0	0
	£168	11	2½

The secret of furnishing effectively and with comfort under present restrictions lies in an equitable balance of expenditure. In the rooms pictured the heaviest expenditure was made on items calculated to produce the best effect and the most comfort. In devising austerity schemes the temptation to fritter money on decorative accessories without relation to practical values must be sternly resisted. Practical furnishing, which is, in itself, decorative, should be the aim. This union of service and beauty can be accomplished, as these attractive rooms display, by achieving originality, simplicity, homeliness in the most comforting sense of the term.

Pale grey spotted wallpaper, rust carpet felt with rust and ivory printed Utility fabric curtains make a charming colour theme in the sitting-room, which combines Utility and second-hand furniture

SUMMER FUEL SAVING

In summer, equally as in winter, fuel saving is in our own best interests. Keep fuel taps turned *off* whenever it is reasonably possible and guard thus against even more drastic official restrictions next winter.

With regard to gas cookers. Use the smaller burners whenever convenient. Never boil more liquid than is actually needed.

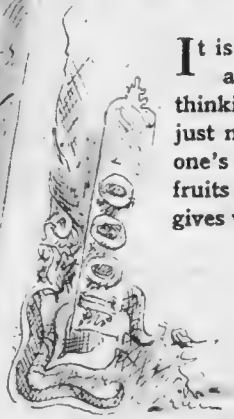
Once a saucepan has boiled, reduce the heat to the minimum at which the temperature can be maintained at boiling-point. This applies to gas and electric cookers. Remember that the temperature of water cannot be raised above boiling-point and, once the saucepan begins to bubble, flaring gas does not raise the temperature.

Use saucepans with lids whenever possible. Covered pans come to the boil quicker than uncovered ones.

When using the grill on a gas cooker, vegetable saucepans will keep boiling over the top of it without the necessity of a burner to themselves.

Make sure that electrical hot-water systems are efficiently "lagged." Lagging saves a surprising amount of heat. Get your local electric company to check up on this if the apparatus has been installed some time.

In Search of Glamour.



It is small comfort to be told that we ate too much before the war, and that we are far healthier on a restricted diet. That is as it may be, but I cannot help thinking that a course of over-eating would do most Englishwomen a power of good just now, especially those women who live in towns. It is astonishing how much one's appearance benefits from an adequate amount of eggs, meat, butter, citrus fruits and good *hors-d'oeuvre* well doused in olive oil. The stodgy, starchy figure gives way to curves in the right place, and the extra inches round the waist disappear in a few weeks. Skin as dry as blotting paper takes on a new bloom. Hair loses its harsh dullness and becomes glossy ; and after a week or so of two good meals a day, one acquires a most delicious feeling of well-being. No one can persuade me that one ration book provides a well-balanced diet for one person. The reason that most women smoke too much in these days is simply because they eat too little.

Jane Gordon.

IT is just plain silly to down-cry the pleasures of a short holiday in France. There are people who will stress the discomforts by telling you that there is no coffee, no milk, and no shoe polish to be found. They will inform you that there is no hot water, that the black-market meals are a dreadful price, and that you will have to pay as much as two pounds a head. To cap it all, they will say that the Parisian irritability and temper are psychologically worse than in London. This line of talk is simply the old sour-grapes policy intended presumably to comfort those who for one reason or another are unable to cross the Channel.

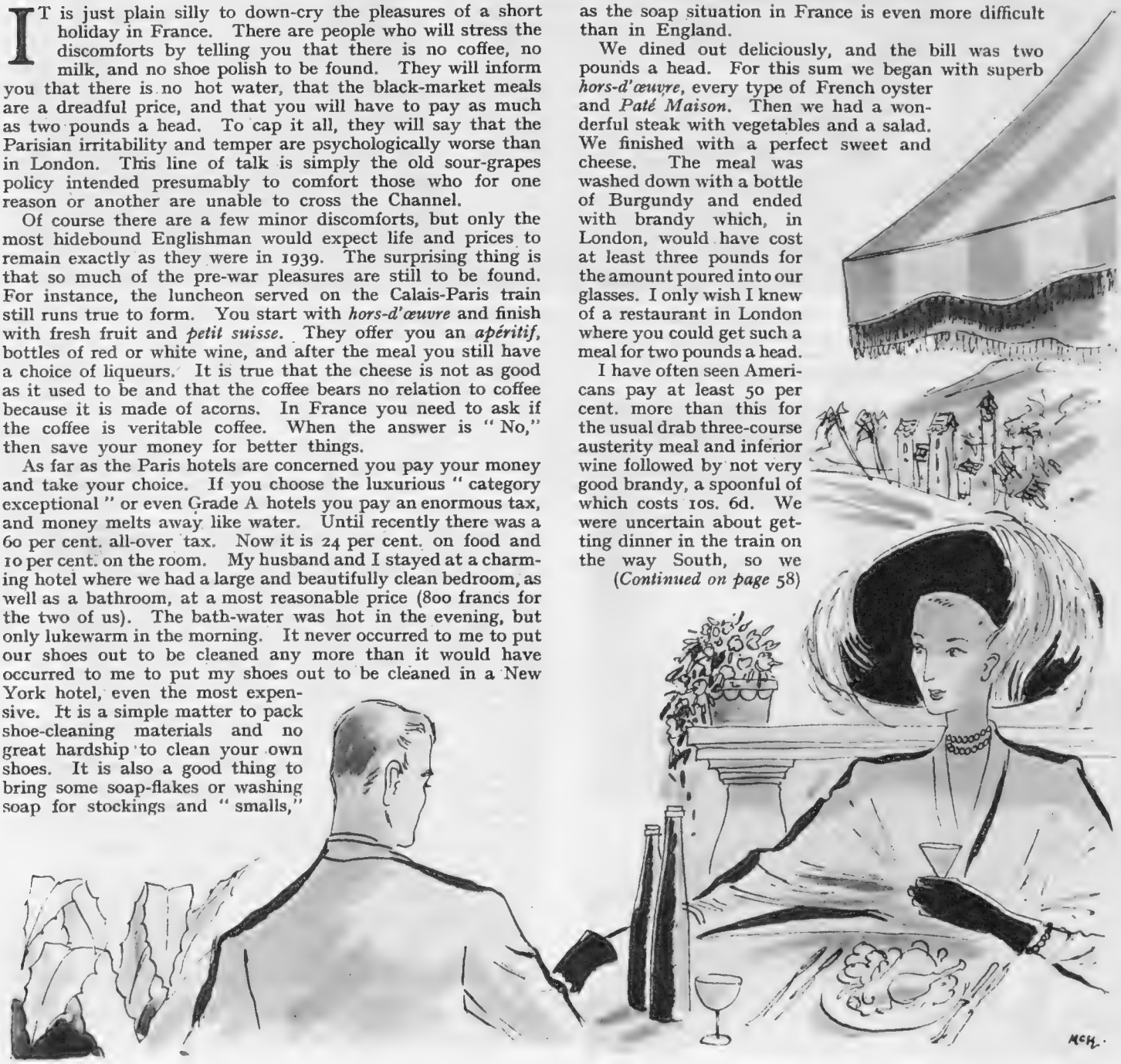
Of course there are a few minor discomforts, but only the most hidebound Englishman would expect life and prices to remain exactly as they were in 1939. The surprising thing is that so much of the pre-war pleasures are still to be found. For instance, the luncheon served on the Calais-Paris train still runs true to form. You start with *hors-d'œuvre* and finish with fresh fruit and *petit suisse*. They offer you an *apéritif*, bottles of red or white wine, and after the meal you still have a choice of liqueurs. It is true that the cheese is not as good as it used to be and that the coffee bears no relation to coffee because it is made of acorns. In France you need to ask if the coffee is veritable coffee. When the answer is " No," then save your money for better things.

As far as the Paris hotels are concerned you pay your money and take your choice. If you choose the luxurious " category exceptional " or even Grade A hotels you pay an enormous tax, and money melts away like water. Until recently there was a 60 per cent. all-over tax. Now it is 24 per cent. on food and 10 per cent. on the room. My husband and I stayed at a charming hotel where we had a large and beautifully clean bedroom, as well as a bathroom, at a most reasonable price (800 francs for the two of us). The bath-water was hot in the evening, but only lukewarm in the morning. It never occurred to me to put our shoes out to be cleaned any more than it would have occurred to me to put my shoes out to be cleaned in a New York hotel, even the most expensive. It is a simple matter to pack shoe-cleaning materials and no great hardship to clean your own shoes. It is also a good thing to bring some soap-flakes or washing soap for stockings and " smalls," as the soap situation in France is even more difficult than in England.

We dined out deliciously, and the bill was two pounds a head. For this sum we began with superb *hors-d'œuvre*, every type of French oyster and *Paté Maison*. Then we had a wonderful steak with vegetables and a salad. We finished with a perfect sweet and cheese. The meal was washed down with a bottle of Burgundy and ended with brandy which, in London, would have cost at least three pounds for the amount poured into our glasses. I only wish I knew of a restaurant in London where you could get such a meal for two pounds a head.

I have often seen Americans pay at least 50 per cent. more than this for the usual drab three-course austerity meal and inferior wine followed by not very good brandy, a spoonful of which costs 10s. 6d. We were uncertain about getting dinner in the train on the way South, so we

(*Continued on page* 58)



A portrait of Rachel, the great French tragedienne, and the subject of a biographical novel by Miss March Cost reviewed in this article. One hundred years ago Rachel was playing at the St. James's Theatre, London

IT is a perilous business, novelizing the famous in the first person. When I opened Miss March Cost's **"Rachel"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.) and read: "The past has a sculptured calm, its events are rounded by their own detachment. The irrevocable takes on now the spaciousness of antiquity," I began to wonder—to count the Cost of this autobiographical technique; was I indeed listening to the great French tragedienne who excelled in *Phedre*, or to the "ghost" of a ghost? But I was soon lost in the vivid re-creation of her life and loves; her devotion to the classic actor, Samson, who trained her; her failures and triumphs in classic acting against a Paris background brilliantly romantic. Miss Cost has so mastered subject and period that her "interpretation" will doubtless win ten readers where Mr. Bernard Falk's admirable biography gained one. The impetus of the story does not flag in 460 packed pages of graphic narrative.

BOOKS:

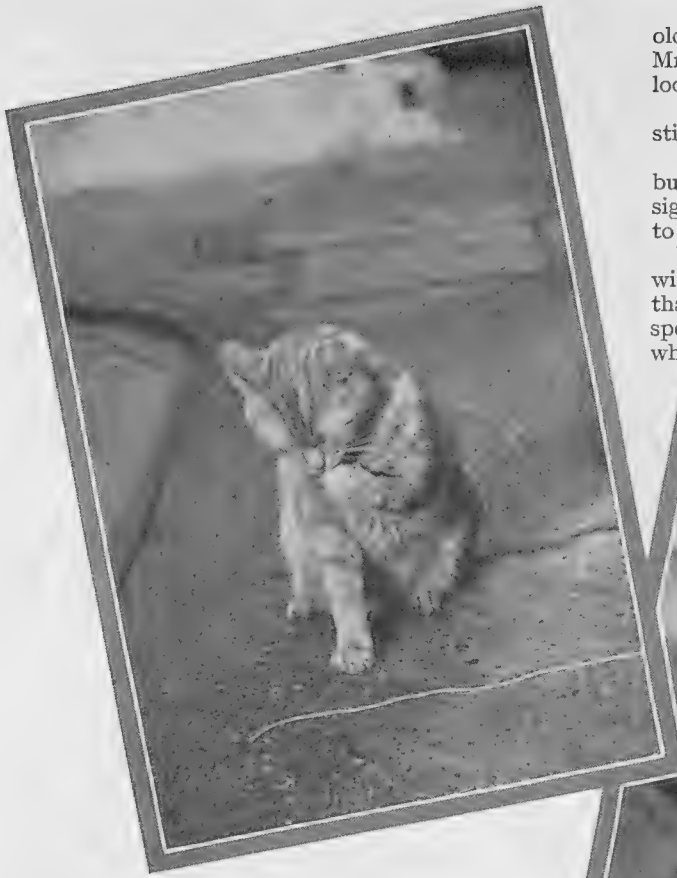
Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

MISS URSULA BLOOM wasn't born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but she earned an imitation jam one for her first published Literary Creation as a child. A pretty young Frinton widow with a zest for fame and a need to earn, she gate-crashed the magazine world, with the help of kindly editors, and was soon deep in the throes of "Ruth and the Rajah," "Ruth Cannot Be Bought for Gold," "Married to a Bluebeard," "My Wife Was Marble," and other immortal masterpieces. Came the day when she could gasp: "The baby's got measles, and I've sold a book." If you would know further details of her literary life, **"No Lady With a Pen"** (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.) gives the inside story, brightly and agreeably. She has matured to some purpose since editor Leonard Crocombe said of her precious words: "You splash them about with very little idea of their true value." There has been plenty of jam to pile on the imitation spoon. Women with a craving to write—tell me if you know one who hasn't—will be heartened by this success story, which confirms St. John Gogarty's crack: "Everybody was young once, including even American children and lady journalists."

MR. HORACE WYNDHAM focuses graver themes. In **"Consider Your Verdict"** (W. H. Allen, 8s. 6d.) he reviews a collection of celebrated court cases and leaves the reader to decide: Were the findings right? They concern, among others, "Doctor" Slade the fake psychic, Mrs. Cameron and the vanishing necklace, Captain Carey's implication in the death of the Prince Imperial in Zululand, Dr. Cross and wife-poisoner, General Luard's suicide after his wife's mysterious death in a Kent wood. Mr. Wyndham can be flippant as well as judicial; he is not above padding his pages with people like Cora Pearl, of whom a critic wrote: "Every married woman in Paris should take her husband to see Cora Pearl. This is because, having done so, he will say, 'I can do better by stopping at home with my wife.'" But the book is absorbingly readable.

FLYING need not be dull if you've an eye for the new and unusual, like Mr. Leonard Cottrell, who logs in "All Men Are Neighbours" (Maurice Fridberg, 10s. 6d.), a two months' 10,000-mile journey to Labrador, Canada, U.S.A., Bermuda and the Bahamas, gathering material for B.B.C. feature programmes. "Perhaps," he writes hopefully, "when flying has made most men as familiar with other countries as with their own, the peoples of the world may at last learn to live together." He is, himself, a lively ambassador with a vivid pen.

Mr. Joseph Wechsberg's journey—"Homecoming" (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.)—was into war's tragic aftermath instead of the sun. Breaking away from his U.S. unit on the Czech border, he managed to reach his old hometown, Moravska-Ostrava, (*Continued on page* 62)



The Story Of A

CAT

A Feline With Personality

Written by **Lena Ramsden**

Special Photographic Studies by
Vivian Prins

I HAD long meant to sample the pub opposite the greengrocer, and one evening, on my way home, I went in, settled myself on a high stool and ordered a double gin and ginger beer.

It was a pleasant bar; large, warm, with bright but not dazzling lights: a cheerful fire was burning in the grate, and curled up on the rug in front of it was an enormous, very dirty, yellow cat.

Presently Mr. Gough, the milkman came in ; he wished me good evening, and sat down on an adjacent high stool. At the sound of his voice the yellow cat raised its head, yawned, stretched and rose to its feet, revealing itself to be even larger than I had at first thought: its fur, though filthy and matted, was handsomely and evenly marked; its head, topped by a bulging brow, which surely housed a great brain, was a trifle small for its vast body; its nose was aggressively roman, freckled with black at the tip; and its mouth, curving firmly under stiff whiskers, was a vivid coral.

The yellow cat padded delicately across the linoleum and jumped on to a stool beside Mr. Gough, uttering a small "prrr!" as it touched down.

"Hallo, Tiddles," said Mr. Gough; and I distinctly saw it wince.

Mr. Gough then addressed himself to the pleasant, blond landlady.

"Tiddles's usual, please, Mrs. Cope." Whereat she disappeared into a back room, re-emerging with a saucer and a small blue china jug.

"That's all you'll get tonight," she remarked, as she poured it out, and the cat winced again as it applied its coral tongue to the white liquid.

Mr. Gough now turned his attention to me.

"Don't think I've seen you here before, Miss Ramsden," he said.

"No, this is the first time I've been in here; but it seems a nice pub. I shall come again."

"Oh yes, it *is* a nice place, *very* nice; and the Copes are nice people, and old Tiddles here will always entertain you and make you feel at home if Mr. and Mrs. Cope are busy. Tiddles, this is Miss Ramsden, mind you look after her."

The yellow cat raised its head from its saucer for a moment, bowed stiffly and went on drinking.

I murmured something about not wanting to be a trouble to anybody, but the yellow cat raised its head again, as if to silence my protest, and sighed heavily, with the air of one who adds yet another responsibility to an already well nigh intolerable burden.

Mr. Gough now turned the conversation to racing, and the yellow cat, with a twitch of its stiff whiskers, which seemed to signify contempt for that inferior quadruped, the horse, and surprise at our lack of taste in speaking of it, leaped down from its stool and returned to the hearthrug, where, after one or two rather half-hearted dabs at its grimy shoulders, it curled itself up and returned to the slumbers from which it had been roused by Mr. Gough's arrival.

The following evening I again visited the pub opposite the greengrocer.

I was early and the bar was empty—except for the yellow cat, which looked as if it had never moved from its place on the hearthrug since the previous evening. It appeared to be profoundly asleep, but when I asked Mrs. Cope for a double gin and ginger beer, it stood up and stretched its jaws in an enormous yawn: then it came over and jumped on to a stool beside me.

I remembered Mr. Gough's instructions to it, and felt guilty.

"Good evening," I

(*Continued on page 64*)

"Do Stay The Night"

IF anything as inanimate as a piece of furniture can be said to lead a double life, that thing is the average sofa.

If your experience of sofas is limited to sitting on them, try sleeping on one for proof.

"Yes, do stay the night," says your hostess, "the spare room is occupied, I'm afraid, but if you wouldn't mind turning in on the sofa I can promise you will be comfortable . . ." and, at once, the sofa concerned having formerly shown all the most commendable characteristics of comfort becomes an instrument of torture.

From the point of view of the casual guest no amount of goodwill towards sofas can overcome this difficulty, short perhaps of concealing a supply of shock absorbers about one's person for occasion when one loses the last train home. Otherwise the whole thing is up to hostesses who, though eager to dispense impromptu hospitality, preserve in general a light-hearted indifference to the discomfort of social birds of passage.

A sleeping bag is a small thing to provide in the interests of friendship for one-night stands. Bedclothes do *not* take kindly to couches, and even if one is in the fortunate situation of having enough of them for such occasions—which heaven knows most of us are not—nothing will induce bedclothes to remain on a couch when they can by any means transfer to the floor. Moreover a sleeping bag solves the problem of where to put one's feet which otherwise project in blatant nudity from below the sheets.

A couple of army blankets (you can buy them now without much difficulty) convert in the matter of minutes into a sleeping bag which will prevent this conflict between the overnight guest on your sofa and the bedclothes. An adequate pillow —even two, designed to meet the particular requirements of the sofa—is an essential. No use to think that *any* pillow will suffice. Ten chances to one the only one available from the spare bed is too large, and, in company with the bedclothes, spends best part of the night on the floor; or if it is a fancy sort of thing from the sitting-room, is too small, in which case the unfortunate sleeper might be equally well off without, sooner than spend the night retrieving a pillow which is never in the place intended for it.

These are some inexpensive additions to one's resources for entertaining, though oddly enough, seldom if ever met with in the most hospitable circles and the most well-organized households.

A modicum of organization will save your guest the embarrassment of hanging his tie on the lampshade, not to speak of groping his way in the dark from a distant light switch to a bed which, in the twinkling of an eye, has removed itself from under his very nose to the regions of the unknown.

It is not to be expected that hostesses can introduce wardrobes into sitting-rooms and bedroom equipment where bedroom equipment has no business to be, but it is mere child's play to whip up a skeleton organization which comes smoothly into play at short notice—pillows, sleeping bag, battery bedside lamp complete.

After all, a reputation as hostess is founded in the long run on one's capacity to cope with the social emergency.

Furthermore, for all you know, the man who sleeps on your sofa to-night may be the founder of your fortune next year.

Better Than Cure

The costliness of replacements and the time customarily taken now to effect repairs to household equipment makes it all the more essential to prevent breakdowns whenever care and foresight render it possible.

It is a fact that careless handling and the failure to have small repairs attended to before the trouble develops into something serious, are responsible for costly repair bills and even to breakdowns which cannot be put right at all.

Regular oiling of all movable parts of mechanical equipment is a "must." Wheels, hinges and bearings need the attention of the oil-can. At the same time oil should be used sparingly. A very small quantity will do the job. Regularity is the secret.

Treat electric irons respectfully even though they seem substantial. Don't in any circumstances encourage the habit of banging them down onto the ironing board, or allow them to get overheated. Watch out for signs of wear in the wire lead. These should be attended to without delay as they finally lead to breakdowns and are even dangerous.

Empty the dust bag of the vacuum cleaner regularly. Keep all moving parts of your cleaning equipment free from dust and clogging dirt. In the long run these smaller daily precautions pay a dividend in increased service and bypass more breakdowns than one may think possible.

Sporting Chances Of Health

OUTDOOR sports, tackled in the way best suited to one's temperament and needs is a grand thing for health and beauty. Of that there can be no doubt.

The trouble is that our inclement weather makes sport a spasmodic sort of recreation for the average woman. This is why, when summer makes its fleeting appearance, so many of us fall into the error of plunging headlong into outdoor sport without sufficient preparation for such an onslaught of physical activity. The result is fatigue, stiffness, sometimes indigestion and, withal, such failure to achieve even passable standards of excellence at the chosen game that we give up in disgust.

Think of the numbers of business women who rush home after a hard day at the office, snatch a hasty meal, make a lightning change and speed on to a few exhausting sets of tennis or an evening's strenuous swimming.

This is no way to extract the fullest benefit from sport. It *is* a sure way of overtiring yourself and of inviting the inevitable and depressing consequences.

Much the same goes for holiday sport. On annual leave the tired, overworked and—to-day—partly undernourished body needs to build up a little under the beneficent influence of sun, fresh air, longer hours of sleep and mental relaxation *before* it is ready to be taxed by violent exercise. This is why one should take it easy for the first few days of a holiday. Console yourself with the knowledge that, by so doing, you are getting the last ounce of benefit from your rest.

In fact, unless you are an all-the-year-round sports enthusiast summer games should be played in moderation and without strain.

Now, let's examine that particular advantage of different types of sport:

Tennis can be a great figure beautifier. It also teaches muscular control and poise. One has only to watch the graceful "action" of any of the tennis queens to confirm this. Mlle Lenglen—not a beauty in the conventional sense of the term—was as exquisitely graceful as a ballerina on the courts. It is however, essential to play your game well, in order to extract the fullest benefit from it—not to say enjoyment. For this reason it is a good plan to take lessons from a professional as, among other things, he will point out and correct those faults which are most likely to tax energy unnecessarily.

Golf can hardly be said to have any special health or beauty endowment to confer except that it *does* take you out in the fresh air and many who would never be persuaded to take a country walk will cheerfully tramp after the elusive little ball.

Swimming does almost as much for the

Cool as

A FEW are born with that cool, magnolia look, most of us have to acquire it. The basis of it—more especially in sticky weather, is personal daintiness.

To be cool and flowerlike is to be immaculate in the physical sense of the term as well as composed mentally. You cannot feel cool if you are flustered any more than you can look cool unless you and every article of your apparel is immaculate.

To be factual and practical *two* baths a day in summer weather are essential if one is to feel and look cool as a flower. Warm baths are better than hot at this time of year and, if you are concerned about the soap ration, add some borax to the water to soften it and eke out the supply.

At the evening bath scrub the body with a loofah or bath brush to free the pores of perspiration and grease. Rinse well, and, if you can face it, finish off with a *tepid* shower. Cold showers and cold baths in summer are inadvisable as they stimulate the circulation and only make the heat seem hotter.

Use a deodorant, by all means, but don't depend upon it to the extent of foregoing the twice daily bath. A deodorant, however good, is *not* a substitute for bathing but only a good supplement.

Use a dusting powder after the morning bath and a little toilet water to cool the skin.

Make under-arm shields a priority if you perspire easily and even if you don't. Replace them frequently and take no chances. How-

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of the exercises or preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1

Whether you play tennis or swim or cycle like Elyse Knox, outdoor sport can give you that suppleness of movement and a golden-tanned vitality of health which is beauty's soundest foundation

figure as expensive slimming massage. Correct breathing is the basis of good swimming and, in that sense, is a splendid tonic, improves the bust, fills out hollows in the neck and establishes poise.

Cycling may not be everybody's meat, but it is a beneficial and very practical outdoor sport for women who no longer drive cars and are not enthused about walking. Cycling is good for streamlining the hips and slimming the ankles because the movement of the pedals acts like ankle massage.

The secret of enjoying sport is to do it *for* enjoyment and not because other people do it, or because one feels the necessity to "shine" at something. Even "rabbits" derive a lot of fun and certainly a lot of health from sport and in any case nobody remains a rabbit for long once the initial stages are past and health and looks begin to prosper.

Summer Make-Up

NEW preparations specially devised for skin care in summer weather have lately been produced by a beauty specialist who has recently opened up a new salon in Bond Street. A lotion for use in blustery weather helps to cure that chapping and roughness which often comes from exposure, even in summer. It is a luscious creamy emulsion which also makes a good powder base.

A sunburn cream by the same maker filters the burning rays of the sun but still permits the skin to tan becomingly. Beach oil also comes in this category and will save sunbathers from going through the painful and more unbecoming stages of sunburn.

Lovely shades of make-up for sun-tanned skins are Nut-Brown Red, Paint Red and Scarlet.

Women can visit the new London salon and can learn from experts on the premises how to make-up to the best advantage as well as how to give themselves really effective beauty treatments at home.

ever fragrant your skin the effect will be nil unless clothing is quite uncontaminated by perspiration.

SO far as possible go for the more easily laundered clothes while you can. Crisp cotton blouses, cotton print dresses (dark ones for office and business wear), washable, light-coloured gloves help to build up that immaculate look. Change undies *every* day even though it means nightly washing. Thin summer fabrics can be dried and ironed in no time in good weather.

Be certain that immaculacy runs to detail. Keep handkerchiefs, powder puffs and even the inside of your handbag fresh and dainty. These trifles count in a big way.

a Flower

Hair needs more frequent washing because in summer the scalp perspires more freely, natural grease, perspiration and dust become intermingled and hair looses its freshness and its sheen. Constant brushing will help to minimize the trouble but frequent washing is better. If you are in the habit of washing your hair once in two weeks, make it once *every* week for summer. I know this interferes with setting, but by adopting a simple hair style for the summer it is possible to wash and set one's own hair—and that as often as necessary.

While on the subject of hair make sure that hat linings are clean and fresh. Allow them to air as you do your suit after a hot day's wear.

Make-up needs more frequent renewing to preserve that fresh flower look in warm weather. Use a cleansing lotion to completely remove make-up two or three times a day. A light-textured foundation lotion makes the best powder base at this time of year. Greasy bases are out for a while. Lipstick should be a cool, clear-red—preferably without blue in it, unless it is to tone with a special outfit or you are one of the lucky ones who do not flush in the heat.

HANDS are important. Hot, clammy paws could never remind anyone of a flower! Wash the hands often. Use a little perfumed dusting powder if they still tend to clamminess. If the veins stand out in the heat hold the hands above the head for a few minutes whenever you can. This drains the blood away and makes hand paler and far less puffy. Keep nails scrupulously clean and be more than ever mindful of cracked and peeling varnish. That coveted cool and soignée look is arrived at by attention to such minor details.

Finally, take things as easily as possible in the warmer weather. Slow down your pace both mentally and physically. This *can* be done, even by the busiest women. Get up five minutes earlier to save that fatiguing last-minute rush to the station. Check when you find yourself rushing from sheer habit rather than necessity. Above all, don't fuss. A cool head takes you half way to a cool appearance.

Three Fruit Dishes

FRUIT BLANCMANGE

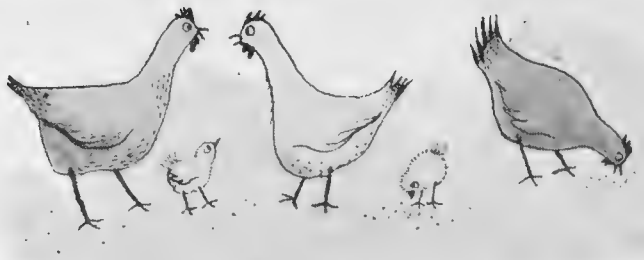
Take a pound of fresh fruit such as strawberries, raspberries, etc., and put it into a saucepan with ½ pint of cold water and 2 oz. of sugar. When cooked, strain through a sieve or cloth. Take a pint of the juice, put it on the fire in a saucepan and when at boiling point pour into it 2 tablespoonfuls of cornflour, mixing it to a smooth paste with water. Let it boil for a few minutes until the cornflour is cooked. Pour into a wet mould and serve cold with custard.

CHERRY SALAD

Take some perfectly ripe, bright red cooking cherries and remove the stones. Sprinkle them with sugar and pour over them a glassful of port. Add a few drops of orange essence to the wine before pouring it over the fruit. Let the salad stand about an hour on ice before it is eaten.

STRAWBERRY CANAPES

Take some sponge cakes or slices of rolls; split the sponge cakes in two, melt some butter in a dish, dip the cakes in beaten egg and milk and fry them light brown on both sides. Drain them on paper, sift sugar over; cover each slice with a pile of chopped strawberries. Make a small quantity of fruit syrup in the ordinary way, add a teaspoonful of arrowroot moistened with water to the warm syrup and stir till boiled and thickened when it should be quite clear. Pour this over the canapes.



How To Make

THE first step to success in omelette making is to forget that you have been told (*a*) That it takes a Frenchman to make a good omelette and (*b*) That it is the most difficult of all egg dishes. In point of fact it is one of the easiest, and as to the French fable, I can only think it must have been invented by the French themselves, for anyone, of whatever nationality, with enough common sense, eggs and a clean frying pan can make a perfectly good omelette and, the highest test of all, enjoy eating it.

One more thing before we proceed to make our omelette; it is not true that there are dozens of varieties; there is only one kind (not counting the soufflé omelette) and when you have made it you can stuff it with anything you fancy or have in the house.

Now to work. Take a good-sized frying pan, iron if possible; it doesn't have to be new, or kept exclusively for omelettes, but it must be clean and shallow for preference as it is much easier to run the knife under the omelette if the rim is not too tall. Assuming us to be

High Tea

WHAT makes high tea high? I have asked everyone I know so far, without an answer. Perhaps one of my readers can unravel this knotty problem, I should really like to know. Meanwhile I have to produce this very meal five days a week for my farm workers who have it at six-thirty after work in the fields is finished.

Picture a large farmhouse kitchen, a vast old-fashioned range, a red-tiled floor, and a solid oak table covered with a white cloth. Imagine the sound of running water as the men wash themselves at the sink; the tramp of heavy boots and the scrape of chairs as they draw up to the table. High Tea has begun! And now for what it consists of:

SARDINE PANCAKES

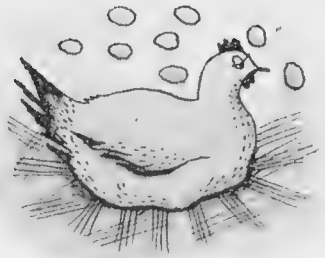
SARDINE PANCAKES. Bone the contents of 2 tins of sardines, keeping the oil. Chop up the sardines and mix them with the following batter:

Take 1 cupful of flour, make a hole in the centre and break in 2 eggs (fresh or dried). Add a pinch of salt and slowly, while stirring, another cupful of milk. Strain the the mixture and proceed as for ordinary pancakes using the oil instead of margarine. Serve either folded up or cut into triangles.

PEASANT SOUP. Fry 4 sliced onions until golden-brown then add as much bacon, cut into pieces, as you can spare. Incorporate 2 tablespoonfuls of flour adding a little fat if necessary. Add slowly, 6 cupfuls of meat stock, stirring well and when boiling put into a saucepan with one small shredded cabbage, 4 large diced potatoes, sliced carrots and any other root vegetable available. Simmer until the vegetables are cooked and, just before serving, grate in a little cheese.

PLAIN CAKE. Take ½ lb. of flour, a ¼ lb. of sultanas, 2 oz. of sugar and about a dessertspoonful of treacle; a ¼ lb. of dripping, a dessertspoonful of carbonate of soda, about ½ oz. of shredded candied peel (not essential) ½ teacupful of milk and 1 egg. Mix in the usual way, put in a buttered baking tin and bake in a hot oven until a skewer, plunged into the cake comes away clean.

SURPRISE MACARONI. Boil 2 cupfuls of macaroni in plenty of salted water; when cooked, strain and wash under the hot tap. Fry 2 cupfuls of chopped mushrooms and slice enough tomatoes to fill 2 more cups. Put half the macaroni in a fireproof dish, cover with margarine shavings, next put the mushrooms followed by the tomatoes and finally the remaining macaroni. Cover with margarine shavings and grated



Good Omelettes

using four eggs (at this time of year if you have chickens this may be possible), a 10-inch pan is about the right size. If smaller the pan may be too full and the underside of the omelette burnt before the rest is cooked. Beat the eggs lightly with a fork *not a whisk*, yolks and white together and only just enough to mix them well. Season with pepper and salt but do not add milk or water.

Next melt a small piece of margarine until really hot and all water has evaporated, just enough fat is needed to keep the eggs from sticking. Tip the pan all ways so as to grease the sides as well as the bottom, then pour in the egg mixture. It may frill on the edges and bubble and spit in the middle but this is all part of a plan. Keep the flame pretty high, and as soon as the edge of the omelette sets lift it with the palette knife and run the liquid part in underneath. *Don't stir*, but occasionally run the knife under the centre so as to make sure the omelette isn't sticking. When the eggs are nearly set, and when there are still some liquid pools on the surface, whip the pan off the fire, place the knife under one side (the handle side of course, to facilitate tipping) and fold the omelette over. Take your pan in one hand, a *hot* dish in the other and turn out the omelette. Eat it immediately, as it will go on cooking itself in the dish and even a perfectly cooked omelette becomes like shoe leather. As for the looks of the thing, it should, if you have paid attention to detail, be a lovely golden brown on the outside with a little golden liquid oozing from the centre.

CORNED BEEF CRESCENTS

cheese and leave in a hot oven to brown.

ANCHOVY TOAST. Butter as many thick slices of crustless bread as there are persons; cover with chopped anchovy fillets and a thick layer of grated cheese. Place another slice of bread on top, cut each sandwich in two and put them on a greased baking-tin in a hot oven. When nicely browned they are ready and should be eaten at once.

CORNED BEEF CRESCENTS. Make a pastry with 6 oz. of flour, 3 oz. of lard and a little cold water. Don't forget the pinch of salt. Roll it out and cut it into large rounds. On each round place some flaked corned beef, fold the pastry and twist into crescent shapes. Bake in a hot oven until brown and serve with mashed potatoes.

OMELETTE AUX FINES HERBES

Proceed as above for a plain omelette and mix a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, chives and olives with the eggs before cooking.

OMELETTE AU PAIN

Put into a basin 1 oz. of breadcrumbs and as much milk as the breadcrumbs will absorb, with pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmet. When the bread has soaked up all the milk, add 6 beaten eggs, mix all thoroughly together, pour into a frying pan in which the margarine is already hot, and proceed according to rule.

FRITTATA DI FUNGHI (Mushroom Omelette)

Ingredients: Mushrooms, butter, eggs, breadcrumbs, cheese, marjoram, garlic.

Clean four or five mushrooms, cut them up and put them into a frying pan with 1½ oz. of fat, a clove of garlic with two cuts in it, and a little salt; fry them lightly till the mushrooms are nearly cooked and then take out the garlic. In the meantime beat up separately the yolks and the whites of two eggs, add a little crumb of bread soaked in water, a tablespoonful of grated cheese and two leaves of marjoram; go on beating until the crumb of bread has become entirely absorbed by the eggs, then pour the mixture into the frying pan with the mushrooms, stir all well together and proceed then as usual.

Harriet Muir

(1) Besides the traditional wine, elderberries make unusual but tasty jam if mixed with equal quantities of sour apples or blackberries.

(2) Cauliflowers, onions, walnuts, red cabbage and mushrooms are all easily pickled and make a good stand-by for winter meals, if you cannot spare the sugar to make chutney. Nasturtium seeds, put into vinegar and corked closely, make a substitute for capers.

(3) Store apples and tomatoes in wooden boxes or trays. Choose sound, unbruised fruit that is not over-ripe and see that the fruit is widely spaced.

Summer Hoard-Up

SUMMER is the time for storing up fruit, vegetables and fuel for the lean months of winter.

Fruit for bottling and jam making should be carefully chosen in order to get full value from the sugar allowance. Soft fruits in season can be made into jam but the stone fruits, such as plums, can be bottled without sugar and converted into jam, if desired, whenever the sugar can be spared.

Apples and tomatoes that are not over-ripe should be stored in trays or boxes, making sure that the fruit is carefully segregated. Apples, cored, cut into rings and dried in a very slow oven can be stored indefinitely in air-tight containers. Had you realized that oranges and grapefruit, now fairly plentiful, can be bottled as successfully as other fruits. The same applies to lemon juice.

Red cabbage, walnuts, onions, green tomatoes and mushrooms all make good pickles. Green tomato chutney takes very little sugar and tomatoes which might otherwise be wasted. Mushroom pickle is simple to make. Choose button mushrooms and put into vinegar with a few chillies and peppercorns. Simmer for a short while, bottle and tie down. French runner beans can be preserved in stone jars between layers of salt.

Hedgerows can provide a variety of preserves. Elderberries mixed with equal quantities of blackberries or sour apples make an unusual jam. Beechnuts, cobnuts and filberts will keep until Christmas if stored in stone jars and covered with half an inch of crushed block salt. Rose-hip syrup is richer in vitamin content than most fruit juices and sugar spent in making it is well worth while if there are young children to be catered for.

It is absolutely vital this summer to take each allocation of fuel as it becomes due to you, even if this means overloading your coal house and making some additional makeshift arrangement.

Fir cones and brush-wood—spoils of summer expeditions to the country—and dead wood from the autumn pruning make excellent kindling wood if dried in the open and stored in a sheltered place.

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What do you know ?

Someone's keeping their strength up
— the sensible way.

Hovis

Very Clever Fellow (*Continued from page 32*)

itself, the other side of the "unclimbable fence." The friend had several lady friends in England. Ah, what a man! and he blew a tantalizing kiss from the finger tips into the air.

Old man Seruya became interested.

The friend did not want one bottle, he wanted many bottles, quite thirty. If Mr. Seruya would make it worth Arturo's while he could effect an introduction. It was easy. They could take the bottles on to the Rock together, or Arturo could do it for Mr. Seruya.

"I go, or the bottles do not go," said Mr. Seruya tersely. He had had some of Arturo before. Arturo shrugged his shoulders as though it were a matter of supreme indifference to him.

They could go together any evening. Naturally it would have to be before sundown, because then the gates were closed. Mr. Seruya had a pass for the Rock? It would have to be shown both on entering and leaving. They would not admit or let one out with no pass. If one had not got one, one was detained in a loathsome place called a guard room all night. Arturo had a very wholesome respect for guard rooms.

Mr. Seruya had a pass. He had never used it but he had one. He fumbled for it, to make sure it was there, for he would not have liked to apply to the repellent sergeant with the cat-fish's moustache to have it renewed.

At first he would agree to nothing. He asked for the name of the friend. "No," said Arturo, "and have you do all the business behind my back. No. After all there are other shops and other so-beautiful perfumes."

"But mine is the most beautiful," said Mr. Seruya.

Arturo said nothing. He just sauntered off up the Main Street where dark eyes were beginning to peer from behind the shutters in the hope of attracting masculine attention.

Two days later Mr. Seruya capitulated. Arturo appeared at the Hotel Cecil looking most urbane. It was arranged, said Arturo, on the Thursday evening one hour before sundown, he and Mr. Seruya would be driving off in a *carrozzi*, and Mr. Seruya would not appear until the dawn that lit Catalan Bay with gold whilst Gib still remained peculiarly dark.

"I give you my word. My most truthful word," said Arturo with profound sincerity. "He will not return until the day."

Enrico received this piece of news with enchantment. He would make all arrangements for a high-powered car which would have him and Carmina well on the way to Seville before the old man returned. He made Arturo a handsome present.

"You're a very clever fellow," he said and laughed.

The present would make possible a long holiday with the fisherman cousin in Tarifa. Undoubtedly this would be the suitable moment. Gibraltar might be a trifle difficult, Tarifa more friendly.

Arturo saw Carmina for but a moment, and once again it was in the dark little olive shop. She looked thin and her eyes were swollen.

"It will be all right," he promised her.

"I bless you, Arturo," she whispered, "you have always been so good to me. It is a pity that we could not marry."

He agreed that it was a great pity. Then the miracle happened for Arturo. Carmina reached up and kissed him in the violet shadows of the shop; she kissed him unhurriedly, her dark beautiful eyes close to his own. He could feel himself glowing. I am a very clever fellow, thought Arturo.

On the Thursday Mr. Seruya seemed to be peculiarly restive. He dressed up towards evening, putting on the suit that he had bought cheaply from an old Chinaman, and packed his so-beautiful perfume in a small valise. He would trust nobody else with the valise, it was the most precious thing that he had.

He went to the expense of a *carrozzi* to the top of Windmill Hill, because with walking out so seldom he wanted to start fresh when he got there. He and Arturo drove together looking rather comical.

It was an unfortunate thing that the sergeant with the cat-fish's moustache was on duty at the gate. He looked at the *carrozzi*. The occupants took off their hats and bowed low. The sergeant inspected their passes more closely than one would have thought necessary, and most certainly more than was desirable. Mr. Seruya became extremely fidgety about it, for his was the one under discussion.

"Oh, all right then," said the savage little sergeant at last, "but mind you get off again by sunset. I'm warning you. You know what I said I'd do?"

Mr. Seruya nodded and laughed with feigned gaiety, as though this were a little private joke between them. Ha, ha, ha, said Mr. Seruya.

They walked along the road with the "unclimbable fence" beneath them, with the oleanders and eucalyptus rising beside them. At first the unclimbable fence interested Mr. Seruya a good deal. Was it really unclimbable? Arturo assured him that it was. It was still very hot even though the sun was falling. Mr. Seruya was too paunchy to be a good walker. He sweated. Arturo took it in easy strides, but then he had not to carry the valise with the so-beautiful perfume in it.

"Where is this friend of yours?" asked Mr. Seruya, getting hot and tired, and extremely anxious.

"It is the bungalow by the far gate. It is not so far now, and the sun is falling," said Arturo.

It was too far. Mr. Seruya was so regrettably tired that he had to sit down for a moment on the low wall that was certainly not unclimbable, with the valise behind his legs so that he could keep firm hold of it with his plimsoled feet. He fancied a cheroot, for he was feeling most exhausted.

"I wonder why that sergeant was not liking your pass," mused Arturo.

"It is certainly in order," Mr. Seruya assured him.

Arturo said that was undoubtedly a good thing. They had short shrift with people whose passes were not in order. He supposed the star was on it? Mr. Seruya had never heard of a star. It was a new thing, said Arturo, it had come into fashion only this week. It was an important star. Without the star Mr. Seruya would never get off the rock, so why worry? Perhaps the sergeant with the moustache like a cat-fish's had done it to keep him here all night? If there was no star on the pass, the sergeant certainly had done it to get his own back.

Mr. Seruya became so tiredly perturbed that he felt in his pocket and brought out two dirty pieces of paper. One was the pass.

"No star," said Arturo. "This is not so happy."

"But there must be." Mr. Seruya felt in his pocket for his spectacles, without which he could see very little, and whilst his hand was so engaged Arturo snatched the pass and fled.

It was an old trick of his. Along the road he went, his long thin legs flying. Mr. Seruya was so amazed that he just sat on the forlorn little wall with the valise, and realized that he was beaten to it. Without a pass he dared not present himself to the sergeant. The unclimbable fence was exactly what it said, unclimbable.

At the gate, Arturo showed his own pass, and as he came down Windmill Hill he tore the other into ribbons and threw the bits into a convenient back garden. He wouldn't be needing his again. Old man Seruya might be needing his very much, but he wouldn't be getting it. It was very cold at night on the Rock, Arturo believed, and there would be lots of stars to be seen.

Within the hour Carmina and Enrico would be out of Gib and over the frontier. There would be ample time for Arturo. He'd call in at the shop and take a few souvenirs. He might even start a little place of his own in Tarifa. It seemed a pity to miss the chance. Then he'd get the last ferry over to Algeciras; he had got everything fixed.

Undoubtedly he was a very clever fellow.

END

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Hood For A Hawk (*Continued from page 12*)

and splintered bone, spinning dizzily downward, a dwindling black dot, towards the thread of river crawling silver in the gulf below.

The echoes awoke, clapping mockery from the summits. Two men stood at the edge of the trees.

The slighter of the two men broke open his twelve-bore, dropped in a cartidge, closed the gun with a solid *thock*. He was hatless, with enamel-black hair parted in the centre and brushed back, and jet-black, sharp eyes. He wore a covert-cloth shooting-coat, a green silk muffler, cord riding-breeches, neat puttees and trim, brown boots.

"Pretty shooting, *verdad?*" he said to Henry and the girl. And to the man beside him, "Pablo, take a look in the cottage."

The second man was a mountain man, hulking, heavy-shouldered, in *alpargatas*, corduroys and ragged shirt. Reluctantly he lowered the light sporting rifle with which he was covering Henry and the girl, and with a couple of fine pointer dogs padding at his heel, slouched across to the cottage.

Two more mountain men came out from the trees. The arrogant, trim man with the *grandee* air nodded at Henry. "See if he has weapons, Miguel."

Henry rose. Miguel, sweating garlic, ran his hands down Henry's long flanks. "He has nothing, Don Salva."

"Don Salva?" Henry said. His heart had started to thump, slow and heavy. He was afraid for Miranda, so still beside him. He moved forward. "My name is Bow, sir—an Englishman—a professor of history——"

"A companion of rebels, an associate of spies!" The trim man looked Henry up and down with the cold eye of a falcon. "*Tanto gusto*, Professor Bow!"

More ragged mountain men came filing out from the shade of the trees into the currents of heat quivering over the little plateau. Two of the men led panniered mules, across one of which was slung a shot stag.

"I will eat here, Martin," said Don Salva. His gun couched in the crook of his arm, he took a cigarette-case from his pocket, studying Henry with a kind of icy vivacity. "A little shooting party, Professor Bow," he said—"as you see." Snapping a lighter, he dipped a cigarette in invisible flame, exhaled smoke. "Somewhat the wrong side of the frontier, you fancy? How right you are! But then, such things are always liable to happen on shooting trips—certain kinds of shooting trips, Professor! How come *you* here?"

"I'm on holiday," Henry said; "just a traveller——"

"Just," said Don Salva, "a traveller! And what do you think this girl's dispatching by pigeon courier—love letters? Come, you forget I arrived at a pregnant juncture. I have eyes, my learned friend. They suggest compellingly to me that you're here because you were the bearer of the tidings we've just seen fall into the ravine." Suddenly his voice lashed: "Who sent you?"

Henry shrugged.

"*Muy bien.*" Don Salva strode to Miranda. "Perhaps you and I," he said, "will better understand each other. First, grasp this, *nina*—I know all about this post. I know the destination of the birds that fly from it. At this instant, measures are in operation to liquidate the individuals at that destination. I'd hazard a guess that the message you've just sent, brought to you undoubtedly by this reticent intellectual here, was a belated warning from your intelligence network to those misguided individuals. But you reckoned without counter-intelligence, *senorita*—and you've seen what's happened to your message!"

Miranda's face was pale, but from the shine in her eyes Henry knew she was thinking, with triumph, with prayer, of the pigeon already on its way.

"*Entonces*," said Don Salva. "Your post here is no longer of the remotest significance. I'm no hawk sent merely to clean out a cote of pigeons. I'm here because I've learned that, among the recalcitrants and exiles over here in Ax and elsewhere, one only—the leader—handles messages destined for this courier. What is the name of the man with headquarters in or near Ax from whom, and normally by hand of whom, messages come for dispatch by this courier?"

"I don't know," said Miranda.

"*Nina*," Don Salva said softly, "you lie in your teeth!"

Henry thought he was going to strike her. And Henry lunged. He was checked by the rifle of the hovering, hulking Pablo, rammed hard against his concave middle.

Don Salva looked with narrowed, shrewd eyes from Miranda to Henry. He shrugged. "*Muy bien*," he said. "We have the time." Picking up the glass drinking-vessel Miranda had brought from the cottage, he threw back his enamelled head, and without touching the spout to his lips poured unerringly into his mouth a needle-thin jet of wine. He made a wry face, hurled the vessel over the rock into the canyon. "Martin!"

"*Ahora mismo!*" A wizened man came forward with a picnic basket. Kneeling in the dust, he took from the basket a white cloth and some bottles.

Don Salva sat down on the rock. The sweat crawled down Henry's flanks. The professor in him was bewildered by a scene fantastic as a dream. But the ex-Major in him knew he and Miranda were living what might well be their last hour—and his grey eyes slid cautiously around the plateau, marking the disposition of the men. Four, including Pablo, hovered close, watchful, armed with sporting rifles. Four more were busy round the mules.

Don Salva said abruptly, "Are you a chess player, Professor? If so, having looked over the board, you'll recognize checkmate when you see it." He took the wineglass handed up to him by the rat-faced Martin, passed the pale gold sherry to and fro appreciatively under his nose. "You and the girl have information I want. Understand this—from one or other of you, whatever the cost, I intend to get it."

He tossed off the wine, took a leg of chicken from the dish proffered him by Martin.

"I don't know," said Don Salva, poising the chicken leg between finger and thumb, "how you come to be involved in this, Professor, but from the look of you I deduce it was chance, or mischance—some accident, perhaps. Only in most exceptional circumstances can I picture our anonymous friend trusting a foreigner with courier for this pigeon post."

"You realize, of course, that I could have you heaved over that precipice, and that if and when your body was found, the tragedy certainly would be attributed to accident. 'Sad fate of English educator!' Hah!"

"What would that get you?" Henry said.

"Not a thing." Don Salva tossed the chicken bone over the rock, took a buttered cracker from the dish. "For myself, I'd as soon not bereave the intelligentsia. You can't run to your Embassy; they look askance at nationals who get into trouble because they meddle with other people's clandestine courier. As for the girl, she's a pawn—*nada*. You can have her. We're in a kind of no man's land here; it inclines me to make a generous gesture. Give the information I want and you can go—the pair of you."

Around the plateau, the men watched, listened, munching bread and sausage and swigging from a goatskin winebag which they tossed to one another. The professor's heart thumped, but the voice and eyes of the ex-Major were steady.

"You're offering us a bargain?" said Henry. "That man's name against our two lives?"

Miranda's voice broke in suddenly, with appeal and warning: "His *life*, Enrique! They'll murder him!"

Henry frowned at her. "Across the frontier?"

"You don't understand," she said, in anguish. "Such things——"

"Such things," said Don Salva, "happen *both* sides of the frontier, don't they, *Nina?*"

Miranda was looking (*Continued on page 54*)

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desperately at Henry. "If we told," she said, "they wouldn't let us go—not at once—to warn him. First, they'd kill him, *then* they'd let us go!"

"Is that the bargain you offer, Don Salva?" Henry said.

"Pablo," said Don Salva, tapping salt over a hardboiled egg, "how long do you reckon to—say—Ax and back, by your *contrabandista* paths? You can take the *burro*."

The hulking man squinted up at the sun. "I could be there a bit before midnight. If there was no holdup there, I could be back here soon after dawn."

Don Salva bit into his egg. "That brown hill-top away there to the north, Pablo. You could come back over that hill, make us a mirror signal—to save two or three hours?"

"*Seguramente.*"

"Then there you are, Professor," Don Salva said. "Tell me what I want to know, and when in the morning Pablo sends me three flashes of a mirror from that hill—meaning the job's done, the man's dead—you and the girl shall leave here unmolested. You have my word." His jet eyes glittered as he looked up at Henry. "I take it my word is good enough for you, Professor?"

Henry knew that it was. He knew that this poised, lithe man was a man of narrow bigotry, but a man of courage, a man of wicked pride, but by his own code a man of honour. It was in every line of his hawk head.

"Just the same," Henry said slowly, "I don't like your bargain."

"*Muy bien!*" Don Salva washed claret around his teeth. He wiped his fingers on a napkin, touched it to his neat moustache, Tossing the napkin to Martin, he rose. I'd hoped to avoid extreme measures," he said. "I'd looked for a modicum of realism, detachment, from a foreigner. I should have known better. A professor! And a girl filled with half-baked student notions in some college! The intelligentsia preaching an effete idealism! *Muy bien.* You force me to an act that fills me with contempt—for you and for myself. Pablo! Miguel!"

The men closed in.

"Take the girl to the cottage," Don Salva said. "Bind her. Shave her head. If that doesn't work, get pincers from the gun-kit and pull a fingernail or two. She'll talk."

Pablo and Miguel siezed Miranda. The other two men moved between Henry and the girl, their rifles on him. Her eyes implored him to silence.

"Don't move, Professor Bow," Don Salva said. "A dead man can't help her. Only an intelligent man could help her."

His gestures stayed Pablo and Miguel for a moment. And he eyed Henry Bow with the hovering menace of a hawk gauging a stilt-legged heron.

"You can hardly believe," he said softly, "that I don't *mean* this. I've told you, I intend to have that information. Then why force this abomination on me—by futility, vain heroics? I tell you now, I *know* one of the two will break—either this girl's student stubbornness or, at her first scream, your pedagogic sensibility. I *know*. Then in God's name," he suddenly screamed, "why force this iniquity upon me?"

But Don Salva had said too much. Don Salva had encroached on the terrain of the historian, on the pet theories of Professor Bow dryly enunciated in tranquil classrooms. Don Salva had said that a dead man couldn't help Miranda. He had said it to a teacher who held that the utilitarian reason for the study of history was precisely that it enabled the dead to serve the purposes of the living. With the idea that came into his head, Henry tasted the sweat salt on his lips. He glanced up at the sun.

Don Salva spun around from him to the men. "Take her!"

"Wait," said Henry.

Miranda cried out, in sudden fear, "Enrique!"

But the ex-Major in Henry, frantic to avert a horror, swept him into his gamble before the judgment of the professor could outweigh the values involved.

He looked steadily at Don Salva, and his voice, toneless, sounded like a stranger's in his own ears.

Hood For A Hawk

"He's in the convent hospital at Ax-les-Therms," Henry said. "I met him by chance. He——"

Miranda tore suddenly free from the mountain men and, raging before Henry, struck him with all her strength across the mouth.

"Coward! Coward! Coward!"

The men dragged her back. Henry passed the back of a hand across his mouth.

He said harshly, "He'd had a heart attack. I found him at the roadside near Ax. I took him to the hospital in my car. He was desperate. He begged me to carry the courier to this post."

He was conscious of Miranda's abrupt, rigid stillness, of her eyes upon him.

"His name?" said Don Salva.

The voice of the nun, Mere Leclerc, sounded clear and calm in Henry's mind: "He will not see tomorrow's sundown."

"Carlos Cajal," he said.

For a moment there was no sound but the eternal booming of the torrent. Then Don Salva said crisply, "Pablo, a word with you. Martin, make camp for the night. Pablo——"

They moved away across the clearing. The guards remained, watchful. Miranda sat down on the rock. Henry dared not look at her. He took a cigarette from his pocket. The instinct of the ex-Major, which had driven him into the mortal gamble, insisted that Don Salva was briefing a murderer for a rendezvous death had already kept. The professor, slower, detached, judicial, knew that a doctor and a nun could be wrong, Pablo might get there first.

THREE tiny flashes of a mirror, like the glitter of the sun on dew, seen afar on a bald, brown hilltop two hours after dawn. Smoke rising from the squat chimney of a grey stone cottage, and the white face of a girl emerging from the doorway. Slouching men with rifles, dogs scratching as the dust warmed to the sun over the peaks, the abiding deep note of a mountain torrent. Don Salva's voice, icily mocking as he lowered his field-glasses "So—he's dead! *Bastante!*" A hawk who didn't know, perhaps never would know, how the hood had been drawn over his eyes. "The way's open, Professor!" But for Henry Bow a question still unanswered, gripping his heart.

It was nearly noon when, in the black jeep with yellow wheels he drove once more into the foothill town of Ax, pulled up before the convent hospital. With Miranda beside him, he mounted the hospital steps, pulled the bell. It chimed sweetly in the cool, stone depths of the building. After a minute, the old, heavy door was opened by Mere Leclerc.

Henry Bow said, with dry lips, "Carlos Cajal, reverend mother?"

The nun looked up at him with calm eyes. "He died yesterday," she said. "A little before sundown." She added, "You're the second visitor who's come too late."

Henry's body was iron. "The second?"

"A fellow-countryman of his came here near midnight," the nun explained. "He was told he was too late, but that he could come in and say *adios* to his friend if he wished. But he said no, and went away."

"I see," Henry said slowly. "Thank you."

"That was his only visitor," said the nun. "He was a lonely man." She added, "I thought probably it was the other Spaniard you had come to see—Juan Garrigo. He was asking only a few minutes ago if you'd called."

"I should like to see him," said Miranda, "if I may?"

The nun smiled at her. "You know him, too?"

"Yes," Miranda said softly. "Oh, yes. He's my husband."

The nun motioned her to follow, moved away across the hall. Miranda looked searchingly, deeply, for a moment, at Henry Bow.

She whispered, in wonder, "Can you still doubt, Enrique—*still?*"

Suddenly she lifted his hand, kissed it, and turned and followed the nun.

END

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(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPING

Cast off 8 sts. Work to end of row.

Now continue in main rib and stripes. Work 1 in.

Work 20 sts., cast off 44 sts., work 20.

Continue as for the front on both sets of 20 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press both back and front with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder and side seams. With No. 12 crochet hook, work 2 rows of double crochet round cast armhole and round the neck. Press all seams and crochet edgings.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning ; ins. = inches ; w. = white ; b. = brown ; y. = yellow.

White For Tennis

(*Continued from page* 36)

row until 90 sts. remain. Work 1 in.

Divide st. for back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 45 sts. on spare needle). Work on these 45 sts. for 4 ins.

SHAPE NECK

1st row.—Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next centre edge row. P. to end.

2nd row.—* 1 w., 1 b.; rep. from * until last st., 1 w. **3rd row.**—Dec. 1 st., p. to end in w. **4th row.**—* 1 w., 1 b.; rep. from * to end. **5th row.**—Dec. on st., p. 1 in w. **6th row.**—* 3 w., 1 b.; rep. from * until 3 sts. remain, 3 w. **7th row.**—Dec. 1 st., * 3 b., 1 w.; rep. from * until the last st., 1 w. **8th row.**—K. in b. **9th row.**—Dec. on st., p. in b. **10th row.**—1 b., * 3 b., 3 y.; rep. from * until 2 sts. remain, 2 b. **11th row.**—Dec. on st., 1 y., * 1 b., 2 y.; rep. from * to end. **12th row.**—* 1 b., 1 y.; rep. from * to end. **13th row.**—* 2 y., 1 b.; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., 2 y. **14th row.**—1 b., * 3 b., 3 y.; rep. from * to the last st., 1 b. **15th row.**—P. in b. **16th row.**—K. in b. **17th row.**—2 b., * 1 w., 3 b.; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., 1 w., 1 b. **18th row.**—* 3 w., 1 b.; rep. from * to end. **19th row.**—P. in w. **20th row.**—Cast off 8 sts., 1 b., * 1 w., 1 b.; rep. from * to end. **21st row.**—As 18th row. **22nd row.**—As 19th row. **23rd row.**—As 18th row. **24th row.**—Cast off 8, k. to end in w. **25th row.**—As 18th row. **26th row.**—Cast off. Return to the 45 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge. Work 4 ins. st.st.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts., k. to end.

2nd row.—P. **3rd row.**—Dec. on st., * 1 w., 1 b.; rep. from * to the last st. **4th row.**—P. in w. **5th row.**—Dec. on st., * 1 b., 1 w.; rep. from * to end. **6th row.**—P in w. **7th row.**—Dec. on st., * 3 w., 1 b.; rep. from * to the last st., 1 w. **8th row.**—* 3 b., 1 w.; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., 2 b. **9th row.**—Dec. 1 st., k. to end in b. **10th row.**—P. in b. **11th row.**—Dec. on st., * 3 y., 3 b.; rep. from * to last st., 1 y. **12th row.**—* 2 y., 1 b.; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., 2 y. **13th row.**—* 1 y., 1 b.; rep. from * to end. **14th row.**—As 12th row. **15th row.**—1 b., * 3 y., 3 b.; rep. from * to last st., 1 y. **16th row.**—As 10th row. **17th row.**—K. in b. **18th row.**—* 3 b., 1 w.; rep. from * to end. **19th row.**—2 w., * 1 b., 3 w.; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., 1 b., 1 w. **20th row.**—Cast off 8, p. to end in w. **21st row.**—1 w., * 1 w., 1 b.; rep. from * to the last st., 1 w. **22nd row.**—As 20th row. **23rd row.**—As 21st row. **24th row.**—As 20th row. **25th row.**—K. in w. **26th row.**—Cast off.

FRONT

Work as for the back until after the armhole shaping (90 sts.). Work without shaping until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE THE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 10 sts., work 40 sts. Continue on the last 40 sts. as follows : **1st row.**—P. **2nd row.**—Dec. on st., * 1 b., 1 w.; rep. from * to end. **3rd row.**—P. **4th row.**—Dec. on st., * 1 w., 1 b.; rep. from * to end. **5th row.**—P. **6th row.**—Dec. on st., * 1 b., 3 w.; rep. from * to end. **7th row.**—2 w., * 3 b., 1 w.; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., 3 b. **8th row.**—Dec. on st., k. to end in b. **9th row.**—P. in b. **10th row.**—Dec. on st., * 3 b., 3 y.; rep. from * to last 4 sts., 4 b. **11th row.**—3 b., * 2 y., 1 b.; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., 2 y. **12th row.**—Dec. 1 st., * 1 b., 1 y.; rep. from * to the last st., 1 b. **13th row.**—3 b., * 2 y., 1 b.; rep. from * to the last st., 1 b. **14th row.**—Dec. 1 st., 1 b., * 3 y., 3 b.; rep. from * to the last 4 sts., 4 b. **15th row.**—P. in b. **16th row.**—Dec. 1 st., k. to end in b. (32 sts.). **17th row.**—1 b., * 1 w., 3 b.; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., 1 w., 2 b. **18th row.**—1 b., * 3 w., 1 b.; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., 3 w. **19th row.**—Cast off 8, p. to end in w. **20th row.**—* 1 b., 1 w.; rep. from * to end. **21st row.**—As 19th row. **22nd row.**—As 20th row. **23rd row.**—As 19th row. **24th row.**—K. in w. **25th row.**—Cast off.

Return to the remaining 40 sts. Work as follows : Join wool at k. edge. **1st row.**—Dec. 1 st., p. in w. to end. **2nd row.**—* 1 b., 1 w.; rep. from * to last st., 1 w. **3rd row.**—As 1st row. **4th row.**—* 1 b., 1 w.; rep. from * to end. **5th row.**—As 1st row. **6th row.**—* 1 b., 3 w.; rep. from * to the last st., 1 w. **7th row.**—Dec. 1 st., * w. 1, 3 b.; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., 1 w., 2 b. **8th row.**—K. in b. **9th row.**—Dec. 1 st., p. in b. **10th row.**—* 3 b., 3 y.; rep. from *, ending last rep. 2 y. **11th row.**—Dec. 1 st., 1 y., * 1 b., 2 y.; rep. from *, ending last rep. 1 y. **12th row.**—* 1 y., 1 b.; rep. from * to end. **13th row.** Dec. 1 st., * 1 b., 2 y.; rep. from *, ending last rep. 1 y. **14th row.**—* 3 b., 3 y. ; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., 3 b. **15th row.**—Dec. one st., p. in b. **16th row.**—K. in b. **17th row.**—1 b., * 1 w., 3 b. ; rep. from * ending last rep. 2 b. **18th row.**—1 b., * 3 w., 1 b. ; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., 3 w. **19th row.**—P. in w. **20th row.**—Cast off 8, * 1. w., 1 b. ; rep. from * to the last st., 1. w. **21st row.**—P. in w. **22nd row.**—Cast off 8, * 1 w., 1 b. ; rep. from * to the last st., 1 w. **23rd row.**—As 21st row. **24th row.**—Cast off 8. K. to end. **25th row.**—As 21st row. **26th row.**—Cast off.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 84 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in.

Change to stocking st. and No. 10 needles. Work 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row until 90 sts. and sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 42 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up the side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck band. With No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening. Work 3 button loops on the right-hand side of opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

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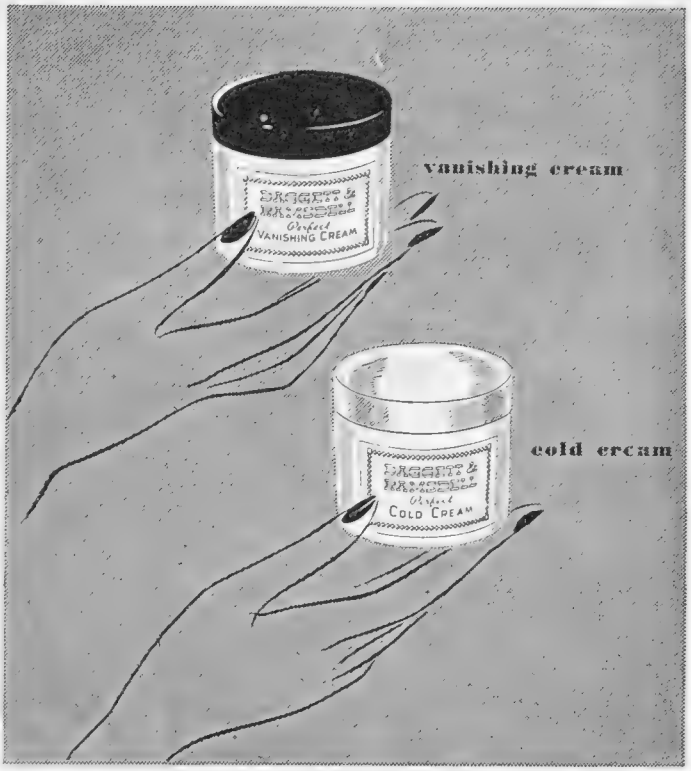

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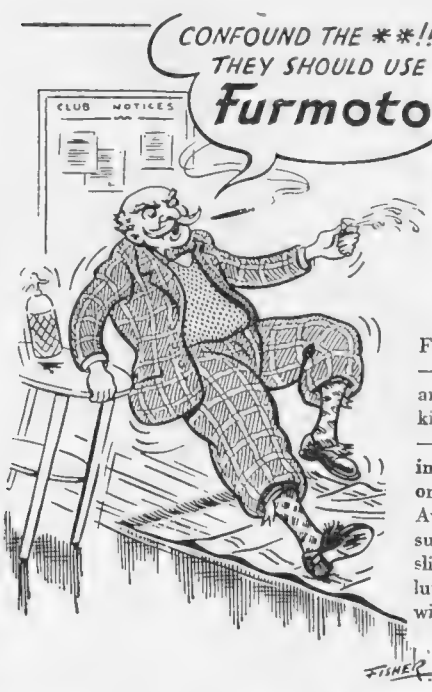

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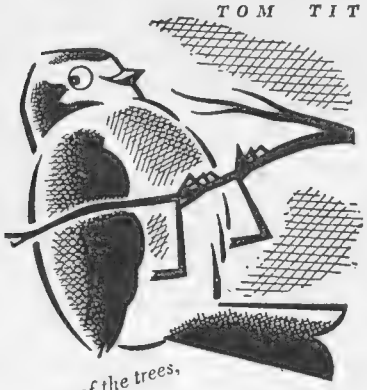

I am the gymnast of the trees,
The Paul-Pry of the green trapeze!
When you look out at me and grin,
Remember, I am looking in!
And I have noticed, plain as plain,
Through many a bathroom window-pane,
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In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page* 40)

bought hard-boiled eggs at the station. There were hundreds of these for sale. We also bought little packets of crisp biscuits and small bags of sweets, all for a few francs. As a matter of fact there was an eight-course dinner in the restaurant car, three of the courses being supplementary.

In Monte Carlo and along the coast prices range from the ridiculous to the delightful. Cigarettes are ridiculously expensive, English and American cigarettes cost the smoker sixpence each, and even the French brands work out at about five shillings for twenty. If you are staying in Monte Carlo for a few weeks it is well worth while applying for your cigarette card which will entitle you to several packets at a reduced rate. The man's allowance of cigarettes is a much more generous one than the woman's.

Luxury hotels all along the coast are of course very expensive, but a young couple I know who wanted to prolong their honeymoon found a delightful little hotel in Monte Carlo where a large double bedroom works out at a pound a night, 10s. each. Four of us ate in a small restaurant for 10s. a head, which included aperitif, local wine, spaghetti, steak with two eggs on top, whipped cream and fruit. In the small restaurants in Monte Carlo one can get a good four-course meal for one hundred and fifty francs or two hundred (6s. to 8s.). On the other hand, we had tea at a famous place in the hills which set us back a pound a head not counting the tip.

END

No Future

(*Continued from page* 19)

"What do you make of it, doc?"

Hurst shrugged his shoulders. "Might be engine trouble," he said, "might be weather—might be almost anything. But ships have been overdue before now and she'll turn up all right, you'll see."

Yet the news had strangely disturbed him, and as he walked back to the hotel he stopped to buy a later edition of the paper, but there was no further information.

Miss Craig was standing in the hall as he entered, and her eyes travelled from his face to the paper in his hand.

"You have something to tell me," she said.

Hurst handed her the paper.

When she had finished reading she folded it neatly and returned it. "Thank you, doctor," she said simply.

"Of course," he began, "this doesn't necessarily mean that the ship is in danger—"

He stopped. Miss Craig was not listening.

THREE days passed—and in newspapers all over the world the headlines grew. Yet still there was no news of the missing liner.

The days dragged on, and lengthened into weeks—weeks during which the owners and the world at large still dared to hope that the ship would yet reach port—(if she had foundered, it was argued, how was it that no wreckage had been discovered?)—weeks of hopes and fears, of rumours and denials, of baseless promise and cruel false reports—weeks during which search covering many thousands of miles was made both by warships and their sisters of the Merchant Marine. By August the 20th, however, neither the Government nor the Admiralty could longer hold out hope, and the vessels were recalled.

THE evidence before the Board of Trade Inquiry which opened the following year, though frequently sensational, was so shadowy and even conflicting that little or nothing could be established to dispel the fog of uncertainty which enshrouded the catastrophe. The ship, together with every living soul on board, had vanished, leaving no single clue to assist the court to a solution of the mystery. Evidence as to heavy weather at sea was not lacking, however, and with the conclusion that the liner had foundered in a gale of exceptional violence the sad official record was closed.

Yet so great had been the world-wide interest aroused by the macabre nature of the mystery that rumours and theories persisted unabated and these, however unfounded or untenable, long served to keep the disaster alive in the public memory. And when at intervals over the years these reached Hurst's ears he would see once again that little figure in the big armchair and hear once more the faded echo of her words:

"*I might have saved them.*"

How long, he wondered, had she roamed with that thought still heavy on her conscience?

When old Hurst had finished speaking the Big Man shifted restlessly in his chair.

"Just a minute, doc—I've gathered from what you've said that you were a bit late in picking up the news that the ship was overdue. Now supposing that Miss Craig had known *before* you did. She didn't say so, I know, but it was possible, wasn't it?"

"It was possible, I agree."

"Then here's my point. Maybe she did have unusua difficulty in reading those hands, but suppose that at the time she really had believed that the explanation was that she was tired, not concentrating, and so on. Right. She comes ashore, hears that the ship is overdue, and then and not until then hits upon the theory of a warning of impending disaster. I mean, with the best will in the world we can all of us deceive ourselves at times."

"You're not forgetting that she deliberately broke her journey? She was booked through to London, remember."

"No, I'm not forgetting that. But—forgive me, I like to get to the bottom of these things—that's only what she told you, isn't it?"

"Well, no. I made inquiries later. Her passage was booked through to London, all right."

"Even so, there still remains the reason *why* she left the ship at Durban. There again, you have only what she told you."

The doc smiled. "Perhaps," he said, "there's something more I should have added. Personally, I think it's conclusive."

"What's that?"

"About eighteen months later I was dining with friends in London. The Court of Inquiry was sitting at the time, and the subject cropped up at the table. Curiously enough, my hostess knew Miss Craig well—they were old friends, in fact—and she was so interested in what I told her that she fetched down a letter to show me. It was a long letter in which Miss Craig had set out her story in detail, much as she had told it to me. Now that letter had been posted from South Africa, and the Durban postmark was clearly legible. And the date on the letter and the date on the postmark was the same—*July the 27th, 1909.*"

The Big Man knocked out his pipe.

"At which date, of course," he said slowly, "the ship was not even overdue. I see. . . ."

He was silent for a moment, then he beckoned to the waiter and gave an order.

"After all," he said, "it's the least I can do."

I WAS present that evening when the doc told his yarn, and I, for one, remembered the story of that ill-fated ship. It was the *Waratah*, of course, and her case is perhaps the most renowned of all unsolved mysteries of the sea. From that moment when, eight hours out from Durban, she was sighted and spoken by the *Clan Macintyre* she was neither seen nor heard of again. The tragedy of her loss was no mere nine days' wonder, but is the story of hope and hope deferred extending over a period not of weeks nor even months, but of years . . . and giving rise to a vast host of theories, rumours, and desperate lingering hopes scarcely paralleled in the whole history of ships and the sea.

END

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The Sunken Hohenzollerns

(*Continued from page* 16)

"Ah, Winston Churchill!" exclaimed my companion, leaning forward and emphasizing. "Do you know he is the very last of your Empire builders? What a pity! Why give up India? Do you know what the Maharajah of Jodhpur once said to me? I had asked what would happen if the British left India and he replied that, as for his people, they would march straight on Bengal."

It was clear that the ex-Crown Prince cherished his 1910 trip to India above all else in his life. Time and again he returned to it and to those he had met there, from Haig to the subalterns of his own then age. It marked the crest of this prince's life.

Mention of his wife really did bring me to my subject. "She comes here to visit me," said the lonely but compensated one. "She is at Bad Kissengen in the American sector, and near her are her sons, Prince Louis-Ferdinand and Prince Hubertus. Don't ask me how many children these have. I am very bad at figures. But I think it is three and one. My youngest, Fritzl, is a farmer in Berkshire, married to a Guinness, and my eldest was killed in the war."

"The black sheep of the family, my brother August Wilhelm, fell completely for Hitler and evidently won't recant." He will shortly be up before a denazification panel in the British Zone where another brother, Oscar, and the only sister to the former six stalwart brothers, Victoria-Luise, are also in residence under supervision. Oscar is in Westphalia "just idling," and Victoria-Luise, the Duchess of Brunswick, lives with her husband and four sons at Marienburg Castle outside Brunswick. She is well watched, having been mixed up with leading Nazis, along with her husband. It is her only daughter, Frederika, who has mounted the throne of Greece, the only Hohenzollern now at that eminence or anywhere like it.

So a German woman and a handsome and ambitious one, is again on that throne whose tenure by Queen Sophie, sister to the Kaiser, meant such a mint of trouble for the Allies in 1914-1918. I was informed that the last Hohenzollern to be queen was the widowed former Queen of Portugal who was a princess of the neighbouring Hohenzollern stronghold, Sigmaringen, which I was to visit later in the day to see the head of the Catholic Hohenzollerns, who has just been released from internment. But that is a lesser branch.

"Little Willie" wound up the family affairs as follows: "My aunt of Schaumburg-Lippe ran away with the dreadful Russian waiter, Wolkoff, and she is dead. My second brother, Eitel-Fritz, is also dead. So is my youngest brother, Joachim (a suicide). My third brother, Adalbert of the navy, has lived many years placidly in Switzerland and is the best placed of us today. He is married to a Saxe-Meiningen and has two children. And he has property, whereas I have lost everything."

We rose and my host buttonholed me. He wanted to know if Princess Elizabeth was going to marry Lieut. Mountbatten, and if she was intelligent, and how had Philip come to the name Mountbatten. Having answered to the best of my knowledge, my questioner characterized Viceroy Mountbatten as "a big man who ought to have been born still higher" and opined how silly this changing of royal surnames was, to humour the crowd. "How we laughed when your King became Windsor in 1917! My father pronounced it 'Vindsor' for fun."

It was then that the former heir to the Hohenzollerns offered to show me over Hohenzollern Castle, of which he has made himself curator. A truly superb pile, it grows turreted and spired as from the rock of a solitary mountain rising 2,000 feet sheer from the plain. It is the perfect feudal castle, being an actual prolongation in form of the mountain tip itself, but it was built less than a century ago. It was built as a symbol by Frederick William IV (I learnt) and had never been lived in until my informant took up residence there in the winter of 1945-46. But it was much too cold and lonely up there—no fuel to warm a single room—and now there's only a caretaker and his family. The curator goes up to the castle, which is a Hohenzollern museum, whenever he can find anyone to give him the two-mile lift.

END

Holiday . . .

(*Continued from page* 13)

"The trouble about the average seaside holiday for people who can't pick their weather, and afford first-class hotel accommodation," he said, "is that they seldom get a real holiday. They have to put up with discomfort, and a lot of them do quite the wrong things. They over-exert, or under-exert themselves. They try to cram too much into too short a time. If things don't go smoothly, especially if the weather's bad, husbands and wives get irritable with one another. Then they all come back tired and frayed instead of rested and invigorated."

These generalizations arose from two specific cases he had mentioned. One was a carpenter who had been doing a job of work at the doctor's country home. This tradesman, earning about £5 a week, got one week's paid holiday a year through his trade group scheme. He had taken his holiday the first week in April. What did he do? He stayed home and dug and planted his garden. His garden, a big one, was his hobby. He enjoyed it. He also made it supply his family with their vegetables all the year round, and he had a surplus to sell—enough, he reckoned, to pay half his year's rent.

"That fellow will get as much out of his week's hard labour," remarked the specialist in human organisms, "as a cabinet minister got out of his annual three weeks at Carlsbad—I used to send him there every autumn—he was over-worked and over-weight. Or a tired business man would get out of a month's ocean cruise to the West Indies, if one could send anyone on a month's cruise these days."

The other case was the doctor's own man, whose living conditions his employer approximated to those of a sedentary office worker. On the doctor's advice, he had volunteered for a fortnight's farm work in May. "He'll earn his keep and something over. His wife and two youngsters have good rooms for a week in a village near the camp. They can go into the town together most evenings. The family will have enough extra money for day trips. They'll all benefit.

"The financial factor means something. If you've got money on your mind on holiday, your holiday won't do you much good. Worry is grit in the machine. You may come back with a nice suntan, but if you could see your nervous system, you'd find it looking pale.

"A tanned skin means nothing. Plenty of people return from a holiday tanned, but bone tired. I remember one man I sent to Bermuda. He came back burnt nearly black. I had to put him on a diet of raw eggs and liver to fit him for work again. He'd sunned himself into anemia. Too many white and not enough red corpuscles. Too much sun does that."

When things ease, food supplies increase, travel difficulties diminish, new hotels are built, the rush out of Britain—and into Britain—by the holiday-making millions, will be enormous. Great business interests expect and plan for this. The widening of the market means business growth to them. They're not only thinking of the higher-income groups with anything from £50 to £5,000 to spend on the pursuit of happiness which we call "holidaying." The middle-income groups promise a revolution comparable to the arrival of mass production in industry.

END

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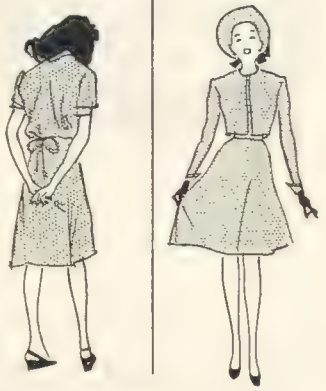

POOR DORA always looks so messy, whereas her friend Judith is the last word in spruceness.

Judith gives her clothes a weekly 'do' with Thawpit—collar, cuffs, waist-front—the places that catch dirt first. She knows clothes *absorb* dirt: thousands of tiny specks that produce a drab and dingy look. Thawpit puts things right.

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for silky brows, lustrous lashes. Never runs or smears and stays on for as long as you wish. Strengthens the lashes too!

For Morning Freshness

Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

to find it a ruin, and only ten survivors of the thousand people he once knew. A ghost among ghosts, he drifted around, haunted by echoes. A poignant experience, sparely recorded, by one who showed in **"Looking for a Blue Bird"** that this shattered, Hunned world was really meant for laughter.

AND now, what of to-morrow? There are significant pointers in Lt.-Gen. Sir Giffard Martel's **"The Russian Outlook"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). His experience as head of the British Military Mission to Moscow during the most critical period of the war left him not hostile to the political and military set-up, but with no illusions. He reminds us that the Party rule there is autocratic and we must bargain hard and not be afraid to use reprisals. A realistic probing of the Iron Curtain, of immediate value.

MEANTIME, it is encouraging to read that, if we cultivate our earth scientifically, the lean years ahead may become fat ones with abundance of food, drink, shelter, clothing—another garden of Eden. That is the message of Lady Louise E. Howard's **"The Earth's Green Carpet"** (Faber, 8s. 6d.), an account of the ideas behind the work of her husband, Sir Albert, formerly Director of the Institute of Plant Industry, Indore, and Agricultural Adviser Central Indian States and Rajputana. The main problem is soil fertility, on which he gives expert technical data from his eastern experience.

WELL, you don't say, Mr. William Saroyan? A G.I. hero so plain that he has to admit: "I'm *all* ugly. . . . Every time I go to shave I get a surprise. I can't believe *anybody* could be so ugly, but there he is right in front of my own eyes, and it's *me*!" Wesley, however, has a lovely humour, a heart pure gold. He tickles us to death with stories of his training days Over There, comes Over Here, falls in love with dear blitzed London, also with Jill, sixteen, a Piccadilly Circus pick-up, whom he marries —rather unofficially—and dotingly adores.

Mr. Saroyan ploughs through **"The Adventures of Wesley Jackson"** (Faber, 8s. 6d.) with Leviathan fun, some ripe *initial-dash* epithets, and sentiment laid on like cement. If there were things about the doughboys you still don't understand, Wesley gives you both the low-down and the high-up. The swellest of guys, almost worthy of inclusion piecemeal in Tussaud's gallery of martial V.I.P.s

LUCKY Mrs. Ridley, who married a handsome, knightly scholar, got her dresses and gloves from Paris, had her scanties made by nuns in Vienna, a nurse and governess to look after her five children (including twins), and a spacious old Chelsea house in the solid Victorian days! Miss Richmal Crompton writes a warm, human tale of her family in **"The Ridleys"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), with such understanding of the talk and ways of children that it has something of the spirit of *Little Women*. Twin Janet may marry a domineering young bounder, eventually leaving him to his infidelities, but the plush-and-antimacassar charm is not seriously disturbed. . . .

AVAST there! In other words, do you fancy a salty *Hornblower* type of story about sea life in the days of Trafalgar? Mr. Kenneth Fenwick obliges in **"The Far-Off Ships"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) which portrays blockading exploits in the Med. under a fiery Captain Hargood who tells his Quartermaster: "Don't stand over there, man! Come over here where we can talk without having to hail the maintop," and concludes with a graphic action-picture of Nelson's last battle. Look to your laurels, Hornblower, or this Fenwick fellow will be packing you off to Greenwich 'Orspital. . . .

CELIA wanted Her Own Life. She chafed at being domestic tabby to a widowed mother in a Kent village. She was only relatively happier when mother married a kind colonel and they went to live with him and his daughters on the Welsh border. So she got a job as secretary to a woman writer who explained her success thus: "It doesn't mean a thing to people nowadays to read a girl's heart went pit-a-pat, they've seen it so often; but let them read that her heart went dickory, dickory, dock. . . . That's one of my touches. It's that that makes me sell." Celia's heart dickory-docks in due course, for Miss Myfanwy Pryce's **"A Life of My Own"** (Museum Press, 8s. 6d.) is a story of love, not only of career, with delicate character touches.

HERE is a list of books which will repay the attention of readers:

NOVELS

"Diamonds are Trumps," by Herbert Adams (Macdonald 8s. 6d.); **"Family Affairs,"** by Anne Hepple (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Book of the Dead,"** by Elizabeth Daly (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"Nymph with a Broomstick,"** by Joan Hewett (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Vicious Circle,"** by Manning Long (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"Guest of Honour,"** by Kay Carrol (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Young Kangaroos Prefer Riding,"** by Mary Essex (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.); **"The Street,"** by Ann Petry (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.); **"Winds, Blow Gently,"** by Ronald Kirkbridge (Skeffington, 9s.); **"Venus Died at Dawn,"** by L. H. Hart (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Restless Tides,"** by D. L. Leach (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Delicate Cup,"** by Dorothy Buck (Hutchinson, 9s.); **"Like a Flower,"** by Sheila S. Thompson (Museum Press, 8s. 7d.) **"Nothing Happens Mondays,"** by John Paddy Carstairs (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.); **"Seeds of Fate,"** by Lewis Cox (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Dark Shore,"** by Philip Freund (Allen, 8s. 6d.); **"With Intent to Destroy,"** by Kirk Rogers (Hammond, 8s. 6d.).

END

England's First National Park

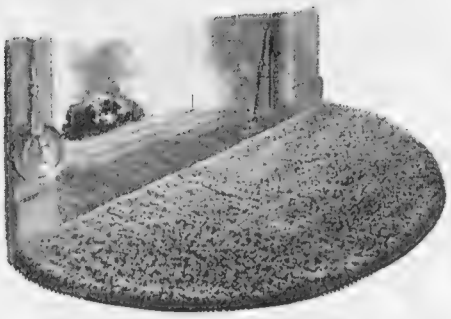
(*Continued from page 15*)

overgrown with moss, and supporting the huge trees whose roots are twined round the hewn turrets and pillars. The pure ore "leaders" are visible, thin black veins in the red rocks. One of the latter is called "The Devil's Pulpit," and there are many others queerly marked.

There are a number of wayside curiosities to be seen when touring the Forest. At Newland is the "Ghost Station," with grass growing on the platforms, and a signal box left deserted in a hedge. Closed down during the 1914 war, the railway lines were uprooted, apparently for armaments, the station offices are converted into living quarters and chickens, geese and turkeys have the sole right of way!

On the eastern fringe of the Forest is Flaxley Abbey making a pretty picture from the by-road between Cinderford and Blaisdon. Now a private residence, it was founded in 1140 by the Earl of Hereford. Up to the time of the Dissolution, Flaxley and Tintern abbeys controlled much of the forest, preserving it from destruction this becoming the duty of the verderers after 1538 as previously mentioned.

END



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Propert's SHOE CREAM

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ANOTHER MEMBER of the Rolex family, the Tudor, also in stainless steel, is being imported in small but increasing quantities. The Tudor is the perfect watch for those who want a genuine Swiss movement at a lower price. Every watch bears the Rolex label of guarantee, proof positive of its reliability.

QUANTITIES are still very small, but the next few months will add both to the number of watches and the variety of models. Meanwhile, leading jewellers *do* have Rolex watches, and may be able to satisfy your long-felt desire to own one of the finest watches ever made in Switzerland.

* * *

The Rolex Oyster in Stainless Steel with leather strap (incl. pur. tax) £23.15s.
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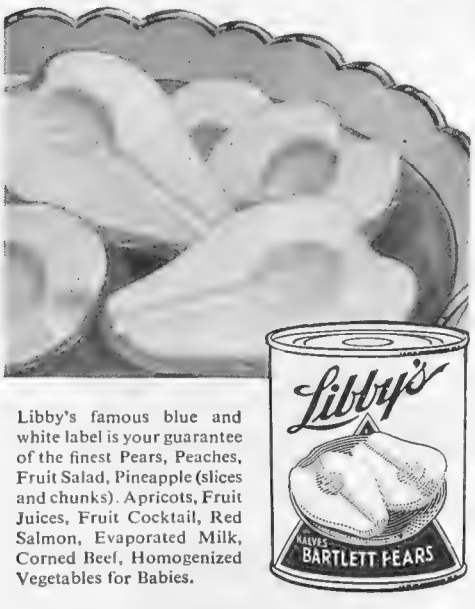

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The Story Of A Cat

(*Continued from page 42*)

said, purposely refraining from adding its obviously hated name.

"Good evening," replied the yellow cat, politely.

"Would you care for some refreshment?"

"I *could* knock back a milk," it confessed, rather doubtfully.

Mrs. Cope bustled along with my drink, and I produced my purse—"And could Tiddles have a double milk, please?"

Mrs. Cope shook her head at the yellow cat.

"You and your milk!" she said. "Drink us out of house and home, you would! What are we to put in our tea? Lemons?"

The yellow cat shifted on its stool in uneasy embarrassment and Mrs. Cope laughed.

"Oh, all right," she said; "but I can't spare more than a single;" and she went into the back room for the saucer and the blue china jug.

The yellow cat lapped a little of the milk and then sat back, sighing regretfully.

"I'd better not have any more just now," it said: "some of the customers are sure to want to treat me, if they see the saucer empty, and then Mrs. Cope won't half create—and I've got a thirst you could photograph!" It sighed again.

"Wouldn't water do, if you're so thirsty?" I asked.

"Oh yes; as a matter of fact I'd almost as soon drink water as milk."

"Well—?" I eyed a brimming bowl in the corner beyond the fireplace, and the yellow cat's glance followed mine.

"That's been there since the day before yesterday," it explained; "and it's really not fit to drink now. I don't like to complain, but they never think of putting fresh water in unless it's empty: my only hope is for someone to upset it."

I swilled out the bowl, filled it with clean water and replaced it in its corner; and the yellow cat bunched itself over its front paws and drank greedily, after which it returned to its place on the hearthrug.

I watched it curling into a profound, contented slumber, and silently registered a vow to keep up my acquaintance with that yellow cat.

END

A City of Palaces

(*Continued from page 25*)

king's initial being amorously entwined on the walls (still to be seen in the Presence Chamber) with that of Anne Boleyn, provoking the public to merriment at the sight of the ensuing syllables: "HA!. HA!" St. James's became the official home of the Court after the disastrous Whitehall fire of 1695. Whitehall Palace, completely burned-out except for the Inigo Jones banqueting hall (from a window of which Charles I stepped out on to the scaffold), sprawled and spread itself untidily over a vast network of straggling streets; excavations in 1939 laid bare some of the foundations and walls of this astonishingly un-private royal residence, the scene of Charles II's attractively disorderly Court.

Kensington Palace, red brick William-and-Mary in its green setting of lawns and trees, will forever remain associated in our minds chiefly with that early-morning visit on June 20, 1837 . . . when Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury knelt at the slippered feet of the new young queen to announce her accession to the throne.

Formerly a royal palace, Somerset House was founded on the site of, not one, but several churches, by the Protector Somerset in 1549; an enormous edifice which at one time housed Catherine, Charles II's queen. Its mingled Grecian-and-Gothic architecture was demolished in 1775, and the present Somerset House, designed by Sir William Chambers, erected as public offices.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all London's royal palaces is at Greenwich. Here, in 1300, was already a royal residence, in which were born Henry VIII and his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. It became, indeed Queen Elizabeth's favourite summer home, and retains much of majesty and magnificence to this day.

END

Satellites Swamped By London

(*Continued from page 20*)

with houses, for the purpose of assisting London in its progress towards York."

Somers Town eventually lost every vestige of its green surroundings and salubrious air under the soot and smoke of the railway yards that were established alongside it.

Further north, off the road to Hampstead, the terraces of Camden Town began to rise in 1791. The City merchant could hardly have found a more desirable place to live, for with the farms and parkland of Marylebone on one side and Islington village a half-hour's stroll away on the other, London seemed agreeably remote. Inevitably, new building began to encroach upon it, but Camden Town remained fairly isolated until 1841 when Agar Town began to blot out the meadowland to the east.

Agar Town—where now stand some of London's biggest railway depots—was at the other end of the scale of elegance from Hans Town. It is unique among these "Towns" in that not a brick of it remains to-day. A notorious rookery of slums run up by speculative builders to house some of London's rapidly growing working population, it was demolished within twenty-five years of its erection.

While they were no exception to the lack of general design, the little "Towns"—the unofficial satellites of speculative builders—were before their time in one respect. They were the first estates for Londoners to be developed a jump ahead of London's borders.

END

Birds In Dress Shirts

(*Continued from page 29*)

companions on the South Polar journey, says he frequently saw sea-leopards chasing adélies. He says the seals seemed a little faster than the penguins and when one of the birds realized that speed alone would not save it, it "started dodging from side to side, and sometimes swam rapidly round and round in a circle of about twelve feet for a full minute or more, doubtless knowing that he was quicker in turning than his great heavy pursuer, but exhaustion would overtake him in the end, and we could see the head and jaws of the great sea-leopard rise to the surface as he grabbed his victim."

With the possible exception of some creatures which live in deserts, I do not think there is any other animal in the world which lives a more rigorous life than the largest of the penguins, the Emperor. The egg from which the Emperor is born is incubated by its parent while standing upright on sea ice in the Antarctic winter. Throughout the "nesting season" there is almost total darkness, and ice-cold blizzards sweep across the desolate landscape. When the chicks hatch they are born into a world where the temperature for the first month or so of their lives seldom rises above fifty degrees below zero F.

Note: *The photographs illustrating this article were taken by the Antarctic photographer, Mr. Alfred Saunders, F.R.P.S. He also took the photographs of albatrosses published in the March issue.*

END

Couldn't he choose some other time to call?

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River Crossing

(*Continued from page 28*)

he said. "There is a military post on the other side of the river. They are jealous of me. They would interfere. Follow my soldiers."

They entered a crevice in the cliffs and began to mount by rough-hewn steps. They continued upwards slowly behind the soldiers who were carrying their loot on their backs. After a quarter of an hour their thighs began to ache. Suddenly, unexpectedly they rounded a bend and found themselves on a vast table-land. There was a small village of mud and wattle houses with unglazed windows.

They were marched into an empty house, its single room literally empty except for a small stove and a large k'ang—brick bed. Two men were posted outside and the leader said he would return shortly.

The rest of the men began to unload their burdens in a house almost opposite.

Twenty minutes later the bandit came in.

They sat on the edge of the k'ang while the bandit stood in front of them like a lecturer.

"You came from Feng Ku," he said. "My spies tell me. I know goddam near everything." He paused and looked from one to the other. "I want you to write a letter to the Englishman at Feng Ku. My soldier will take the letter. My soldier will return with the money and you will go free. Three days it will take both ways—and you will go free."

"You'll get nothing out of the British Resident, I assure you," Aldington said.

"Not if I send a finger or an ear mebbe?"

"You'll get hell then. You'll have the Air Force and the Navy as well as the Army after you then. You wouldn't care for that at all."

"I'll tell you how you can get your money—and the only way," Cleaver said. "Send one of your soldiers back to Feng Ku with us and we'll get the money and give it to him. Five hundred dollars."

The bandit laughed and put his tongue out.

"I want five thousand dollars for each of you."

Claire laughed: "I was never more flattered. Do you realize we work for a living?"

The bandit turned on her.

"In England do they think you are beautiful?" he said.

Claire raised her eyebrows. "Pretty, perhaps."

"Well, I don't like you. You are not womanly and I don't like your terrible pale eyes. A thousand dollars write in your letter and you shall go. I do not rob poor people." He put the forefingers of each hand into the corners of his mouth and levered out a leprous looking denture with four molars on it. "I have Western culture, see. But I got a goddam headache caused by your terrible pale eyes and when I have a headache I can't wear my teeth. No, I can't have you go back to Feng Ku; you would have my soldier jailed and I should get no money."

"We can write the letter but it will do no good," Aldington said.

"Write it. If my soldier does not return with the money I shall have to kill you because my soldiers who are poor unenlightened peasants will want it that way. I will go now because I have a goddam headache. I will send you some paper and a pencil. Give the letter to one of my soldiers."

Carrying his denture in his hand he walked out noiselessly in his felt boots.

They made the letter as pressing as they could. But they knew the Resident's attitude. Handing over ransom money would be to Urquhart "deleeberately encourragin' the scoundrrels in theirr feelonious acteevities." And Urquhart never encouraged scoundrels.

The next two days brought out the curious relativity of time; the individual hours dragged, but when evening came the day seemed to have flashed by. They were given two meals a day of pork and some sort of mashed beans; they were allowed exercise twice a day under what seemed to be rather casual surveillance. They did not see the bandit chief—he was apparently trying to avoid further headaches by keeping out of the vision of those terrible pale eyes.

On the evening of the third day just before they were due to take their exercise, Cleaver spoke. It was the first time for over three hours.

"Listen," he said. "We've all been pretending all day that the messenger might bring the money back. I tell you he won't. He'll bring a long string of threats from Urquhart and that's all—and you know it. If we're going to get out of this, it's now or not at all."

"What do you suggest?" Claire said.

He lowered his voice, unnecessarily because neither of the guards knew any English. "These chaps are not what you could call bright."

"I wouldn't bank too much on that," Aldington said.

Cleaver waved his hand impatiently. "Anyway, quite apart from that I'm pretty certain we've established a reputation for docility."

He took a small pocket compass with a bakelite body out of his breast pocket.

"I know the Chinese were supposed to invent these things, but I don't suppose these chaps outside have ever seen one. When we go out, Claire, I want you to give it to one of the guards—it will look less suspicious coming from you. They'll be engrossed with it for a few minutes at least. I think that will be enough. Now you know the huge rock by the stairway——"

"Look out, Cleaver. They're coming to take us out," Aldington said.

"Tell you as we go."

They wandered as they pleased, the guards following at a distance. At first they walked away from the stairway unobstrusively watching the sky. Darkness fell quickly, almost suddenly, and they wished to time the break roughly five minutes before the light failed. They could not afford to leave it too long because the guards always herded them back in order to avoid being out after dark.

Finally Cleaver began leisurely to lead the way towards the stairway. The other two now knew what shape the attempt was to take.

"You see the mound of earth," Cleaver said. "We'll sit there for a while. From there the big rock will hide the stairway from view, which is exactly what I want."

They moved across and sat down. The guard squatted about ten yards away, their rusty muzzle loaders across their thighs. They seemed to be bored and were not talking to each other.

"Go and offer them the compass," Cleaver said to Claire.

They all stood up casually as Claire approached the guards. The Chinamen watched her uneasily. She stopped in front of them holding out the compass and smiling. One of the men, the elder, wore a small round badge in his felt cap. Spontaneously Claire pointed to it and then at the compass—an offer to exchange, she realized, would look more reasonable than a gratuitous gift. The man looked blank and drew away from the outstretched hand holding the compass. But the other man understood apparently and burst into a torrent of high-pitched explanation. The elder man began to understand and leaned forward to look more closely at the shiny black object with the needle swinging mysteriously in its shadowy interior. He grinned and shook his head vigorously, assenting. The younger man snatched the badge out of the other's cap and held it out. Claire placed the compass in the talon-like hand of the older man, which trembled slightly as it took it. As she walked slowly away she looked back; the guards had their heads together oblivious of everything but the compass.

She reached the two Englishmen and they began to saunter towards the big rock. Already the light was beginning to fail, but they dared not hurry over those few yards of springy turf. Aldington looked over his shoulder; the compass still held the guard.

They reached the rock and moved behind it.

"Follow me," Cleaver said in a whisper. He doubled towards the stairway, Claire behind him and Aldington in the rear. They

began to descend. "Take it easy," Aldington said. "These steps are pretty rough."

"Come on, come on," Cleaver said. "And don't forget the track that goes off to the right at the beginning of the second flight of steps."

No sounds of discovery came from above them yet. They started on the second flight of steps. Cleaver reached the bottom of the second flight and turned off along the rough narrow track which opened in the boulders on the right. Claire started to make the turn; small stones rolled under her shoes; she took two huge strides in an effort to recover her balance and then fell heavily forward, her hands outstretched.

Aldington stopped in time to avoid falling over her. He lifted her, his hands under her armpits.

"Are you all right, Claire?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm all right, Stuart. Let me go. We musn't lose time. What a clumsy idiot I am!"

He could see her hands and knees were bleeding, but she started to run. A short distance up the track the boulders fell away and they could see the river two hundred feet below. On the right were tumbled rocks and further back the sheer cliff pocked with caves and split by fissures. A little farther up the track was one end of the slender rope-way across the gorge.

Cleaver was waiting for them, rigid with excitement.

"Where the devil have you been? We've got to get in among the rocks here. It will be dark in a minute or two and we shan't be able to find a hiding place."

Claire was tenderly pressing her hands between her body and her arms. "Listen," she said.

Floating down from above came the syllabic wail of excited Chinamen.

"The panic's started up there," Aldington said.

Following Cleaver they began to scramble over the rocks towards the base of the cliff. It was hard going, but Cleaver clawed his way forward oblivious of cuts and bruises. There was no dearth of cavities among the rocks, but Cleaver was hard to please.

"This will do," he said at last.

He pointed at an opening. It was formed by a flat slab falling across two others, leaving a space of about six feet wide, well below the general level of the surrounding ground. The entrance which was masked by another boulder was roughly two feet wide.

They lowered themselves into the cave. It was a tight fit for three but as they huddled together they realized with a springing hopefulness that with darkness it would be quite impossible to see them from outside.

They sat listening, trying to suppress their heavy breathing. The noise from above got louder and was added to by the yapping of yellow dogs.

The patch of sky which they could see was dark now and pierced by stars, brilliantly blue-white. They sat huddled together in silence, listening. The pumping of their own hearts blanketed distant sounds. But dominating all Aldington's emotions was the consciousness of Claire's bare arm lying beside his own in the gathering darkness.

The yapping of the dogs could now be distinguished from the yapping of the men.

"I think they've discovered our track along here," Aldington said.

"For God's sake keep quiet," Cleaver said.

They could hear the crunch of sandalled feet on the track. Claire gripped Aldington's arm and he could feel the torn skin and dried blood on the palm. And then shockingly near they heard a stone roll and fetch up against a rock—but no footsteps. Then short, sharp breathing which suddenly burst into a flurry of ear-splitting yapping. Silhouetted against the sky they could see the cautious, questing heads of two yellow dogs.

A party of six men fetched them out of their cave and led them down to the track.

The bandit leader stood on the track waiting.

"You have brought me bad luck," he said. "My soldier has (*Continued on page* 68)

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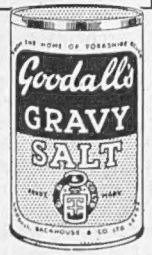

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brought me nothing but threats from the goddam Englishman in Feng Ku. My goddam headache has not stopped for three days and I can't wear my teeth. It is those terrible pale eyes."

None of them spoke. The bandit looked at them for what seemed a long time.

"I'm going to let you go," he said.

"Let us go!" Cleaver said in a whisper.

"Yes. Those eyes are killing me, getting into my head. But for them I should kill you for certain. But I'm not going to kill you because if I did those terrible pale eyes would bore into my brain until I was dead." He took a pace forward. "I'm not a fool," he said.

"I'm glad you're beginning to realize what you are up against," Cleaver said softly.

"You will cross by the rope. A thousand paces up the track on the other side is the military post. There is no wheel for the rope. You will go with your hands."

They all looked across at the cable that sagged across the gorge.

"It's more than a hundred feet across there," Cleaver said. "I can't do it. It's impossible."

"You can do it," Aldington said. "But Claire—Claire can't, especially with her torn hands."

Cleaver turned to the bandit. "You can't expect the lady to cross that," he said. "Her hands are cut, too."

"Whoever owns the woman will take her on their back," the bandit said. "I say you will cross by the rope."

Cleaver's voice was shrill. "I won't do it. You are murdering us. You know it isn't possible. You had better look out."

There was something in the bandit's voice that suggested he was smiling, but there was no sign of it on his face.

"Listen," he said. "Once I have set you free I don't give one damn what happens. It will not be my fault if you die after I have let you go—and this goddam headache will leave me whether you die or not, because it won't be my fault."

Cleaver turned to Aldington. "You won't go, Aldington. Tell him you won't do it. He's deliberately murdering Claire and me."

"Don't worry, Roy," Claire said. "I'll go across on my own."

Cleaver looked at her eagerly, his mouth slightly open. But before he could damn himself Aldington said quickly: "You know just as well as Cleaver and I, Claire, that you couldn't hope to get half way across on your own."

Cleaver's hands were fists at his side. "It's easy enough for you to be calm, Aldington," he said.

"Come," the bandit said. "There's no time. We go to the rope. Maybe spies of the Englishman followed my soldier. I go away from here tonight." He gave an order to his men and the whole party began to move towards the cable.

"I'll take Claire across," Aldington said, easing the empty webbing cartridge belt at his waist.

"You know it's quite impossible, darling," Claire said.

Cleaver spun round. "Darling," he said. He smiled; it was a grimace that showed his teeth pressed together. "Darling! It rather looks as though I shouldered the responsibility prematurely. I have wondered a little lately."

Aldington glanced at Claire quickly. Before he could speak the bandit said: "You are the wisest foreigner I have met. When a woman becomes a burden get rid of her. It is wisdom."

"You keep out of this," Cleaver said. "You have been deceiving me, Claire."

"Yes. I have been deceiving you," she said quietly. "And myself too, up to quite recently. I do love Stuart—does that sound terribly fatuous, Stuart? But I don't expect that to make him love me. Nor to break your heart—not at this juncture."

They came to a halt at the rope-way.

"I see," Cleaver said. "You begin to feel that Aldington is the best bet for getting you out of this. Very well. I wish you luck, Aldington."

He concealed his relief so badly that Aldington could feel the blood rise to his face in vicarious embarrassment.

He turned to Claire. "My dear," he said.

The bandit gave an order in Chinese and one of the men produced a coil of rope. It became obvious that the bandit's plan for disposing of his prisoners had been considered for some time.

"Well, who's taking the woman?"

"Come on, Claire," Aldington said.

"No," she said. "I won't spoil your chance, Stuart."

"You'll all go across the rope—one way or another," the bandit said. "I've promised my men."

Aldington took Claire's arm. "You can't leave—now," he said. And to the man with the rope: "Get on with it."

The bandit gave the order in Chinese and the man began to bind them together. Aldington could feel Claire's body against his back, soft and warm.

They shuffled to the rope.

"I wish I had never spoken," Claire whispered. "It forced this on to you, Stuart. It is dying, isn't it—together—down in that mist?" Her voice faltered.

"No," Aldington said. "You don't imagine I'm going to die now, Claire. Not now. We're only just starting together. Listen. Stick as close to me as you can—don't lean away. And darling, whatever you do don't faint."

Cleaver had turned his back. The bandit and his men watched with eager interest.

Aldington leaned out along the rope. "Here goes," he said.

He gripped it and they swung out into space. Using the impetus of each forward swing to carry over to the next movement he began the crossing rhythmically, powerfully. But before they had moved more than twelve feet the original impulse was lost and each forward swing was a concentrated effort that tore at Aldington's arm joints. Pressed tightly to him Claire could feel the sweat soak through his shirt and through hers to her skin. On the track the Chinese were watching tensely. Cleaver had taken one look and moved away. He sat on a rock behind the Chinese, his head in his hands.

Aldington and Claire were twenty feet out over the gorge. A moon had risen brilliantly. Below the vapour was clearing and here and there the river shone like silver through it.

Aldington brought his hands together and they hung suspended without movement.

"Claire," he gasped. "Listen. Daren't tell you up there. They'd have taken it away from me. My belt. Take it off. Pull it out to its full length. Loop it over the rope. Fasten it. Put your arms through it. Take weight under arms. Understand, darling?"

"Yes, yes."

The small movements she made to take the belt off were like gigantic wrenches on Aldington's arms. Time seemed to stand still in an agony of waiting. He shut his eyes. His hands seemed to be losing touch with his brain. His heart leapt painfully as he thought that perhaps they might let go of their own volition. He concentrated on them, pictured them gripping the rope powerfully, confidently. He must hold that picture in his mind. Suddenly he felt convinced that if he allowed that picture to go—it would be the end of them.

Then he heard Claire's voice.

"It works, darling. I can take the weight, most of it, most of it."

He opened his eyes and took a deep gulp of cool air. He could feel the upward drag from behind, the strain on his hands was reduced by half.

They began to move forward again, the belt sliding on the rope as Aldington hauled on it. The rope sloped gradually in the direction in which they were moving.

"We shall make it, Claire," he said. "We shall do it."

A loud gabbling sound came to them from the track they had left. It became shriller and louder. Claire turned her head to look. They were in the middle of the rope now and moving at a good pace.

Claire saw one of the men standing by the rope. The moonlight glinted on the sword he held.

"They've seen what we've done. They're going to cut the rope."

As she watched her head turned awkwardly, she saw a figure erupt into the circle of Chinese and wrench the sword from the man who had raised it above his head ready to strike. With his back to the rope the figure began swinging the sword in terrifying arcs.

"Roy's got the sword," she whispered. "He's driving them away from the rope."

Aldington increased his efforts grunting with each movement. The pressure under Claire's arms was becoming intolerable. She continued to watch.

"They're closing in on him."

Aldington did not speak. There was twenty feet to go now.

Claire saw a rock the size of a rugby football hit Cleaver on the shoulder and fall at his feet. He staggered, but the sword still flashed and held the bandits back. Then they began to draw back. She saw why. There was a spear of yellow flame. The crack of the rifle reverberated through the gorge. Cleaver dropped to one knee; the sword faltered. And then flashed into action again. Another spurt of flame from a different angle. It seemed to jerk Cleaver to his feet, his arms outflung. Then Claire saw the sword describe its final arc as it left his hand and turning over and over in the moonlight disappeared into the mist at the foot of the gorge. Cleaver remained standing for a moment, his arms fallen to his sides, then he staggered backwards and soundlessly followed his sword down into the river below. Claire turned her head and closed her eyes.

Aldington felt the vibration in his hands of the sawing on the rope. He felt it part, and for a split second seemed to hang unsupported in the air. He pushed his feet forward and braced his legs. The breathtaking swing. His feet hit the cliff-side a little below the level of the track. Momentarily his senses were shocked into disorder. His fingers slipped and relaxed. Together he and Claire slid down the face of the cliff for several feet and then came to rest against a pile of loose stones.

"Claire. Claire, are you all right?"

"Yes," she said faintly. "Yes. I think so."

They raised themselves and Aldington untied the rope and unwound it.

"The sooner we get away from here the better. With those rifles and this light I doubt if they could hit us. I'd just as soon not give them a chance to try though. Can you walk, do you think?"

"I feel sure I can," she said.

They scrambled up on to the track. Until they were stopped by a Chinese sentry Claire remembered nothing more except for a strange dreamlike idea that she was standing still on the track and that the rocks on either side were moving backwards as though she were on a moving staircase.

The sentry took them to a stone building with a straw roof and lit by a smoking oil lamp. A very thin Chinese officer, stood up behind his table as they entered and bowed courteously.

Claire felt herself bowing in return as she hung desperately to Aldington's arm. She turned to him and smiled faintly.

"Stuart, darling," she said. "I've been absolutely dying to faint for hours. You will forgive me, won't you?"

Aldington lowered her gently to the floor as the Chinese officer rushed forward, his bony face full of concern.

END

1.6.47

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